The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1932 NUMBER 910

Contents

The Week 336

Editorials

An Economic Ruling Class 339
Death of a Poet 340
Where Unemployment Is Worst 342

General Articles

The Battle of the Danube ..... H. N. Brailsford 343
The Man Who Keeps Mooney in Jail ..... Ernest Jerome Hopkins 345
The Literary Class War: II ..... Edmund Wilson 347
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 349
Another Language ..... Stark Young 351
Bankers and Brokers ..... M. P. J. 352
A Communication ..... Joseph K. Hart 354

Correspondence 355

Reviews of Books

Brooks's Life of Emerson ..... Newton Arvin 357
The German Crisis ..... Quincy Howe 358
Hearts and Flowers ..... Hazel Hawthorne 359
Sociology Steps Forward ..... E. C. Lindeman 359
Book Notes 360

The Week

PASSAGE of the Goldsborough bill by an overwhelming majority of the House of Representatives is a symptom of what may be expected in increased measure as the depression continues. It commands the Federal Reserve authorities and the Treasury to bring wholesale prices back to the average of the years 1921-1929, and to do so by controlling the volume of credit and currency. The Federal Reserve banks are already embarked on an experiment looking in this direction, by their large purchases of government securities. If this fails, there will be agitation for more effective measures of credit expansion, especially from the farming population, who in previous severe depressions have frequently supported measures called inflationary, for the purpose of restoring more equitable price levels. There is now a much wider extent of informed and authoritative support for devices of this kind than there has ever been in the past. The end in view is laudable; indeed it is about the only kind of emergency measure we know of which has a chance of getting us out of the depression before accidental and unforeseen forces may do so. We make, however, [illegible] important qualifications: first, the expansion should be capable of control so that it does not run away into real inflation; second, we doubt if the result desired can be achieved by central banking policy alone; third, we regard the whole business as a temporary stop-gap, which is far from making all the needed changes in our economy.

THE first poll in the French election showed a movement to the Left, and all observers are agreed that this movement will be confined and extended in the second balloting. The Left tendency, however, is so mild that it means almost nothing; the Radical Socialists, who will presumably come into power, are neither radical nor socialist, and they will inaugurate no important changes in the foreign policy of France, which is at present the worst single factor in the whole European situation. M. Herriot is certainly a better individual than M. Tardieu, and if he becomes Premier, will take a somewhat more conciliatory line in the Geneva arms conference and the June economic conference at Lausanne. But a somewhat more conciliatory line is not enough, in the present state of affairs. It is about as useful as trying to put out a fire with a medicine dropper.

IT IS a pleasant novelty to find a liberal majority giving a decision in the United States Supreme Court, as happened this week in the case of the Texas law which was used to keep Negroes from voting. Mr. Justice Cardozo wrote the decision, and Justices Hughes, Brandeis, Stone and Roberts concurred. The Texas law delegated to the state executive committees of the two political parties the authority to decide who should and should not be permitted to vote; and Justice Cardozo's decision pointed out that by this delegation of authority, the parties were made to act for the state and that therefore the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution must be invoked against the law. This had been the third attempt to make voting by Negroes illegal. First came the "grandfather clause," which refused the ballot to the descendants of freedmen; this was declared unconstitutional in 1915. Then came the Texas law of 1923, which flatly forbade Negroes to vote in primary elections

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The law which has just been held invalid was adopted the same year, and was a patent attempt to circumvent the will of the Supreme Court. It is interesting to reflect that had Judge Parker been confirmed and taken his seat on the supreme bench, the decision would probably have been the opposite. The South can still get its way, but it will have to abandon the primary system to do so. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which fought against Judge Parker, has also been influential in getting the various court decisions mentioned above, and is to be congratulated on its success.

WITH about 4,000 banks failing in the United States since the depression began, attention is naturally turning toward possible plans for better safeguarding the rights of depositors. While the federal government is considering the Glass bill, various states are also wrestling with the same problem as it appears within their own borders. Some Western states have in the past undertaken to guarantee savings-bank deposits; but they have usually done so without setting up adequate reserve funds, and under the stress of present conditions these plans have pretty completely broken down. Now comes Massachusetts with a new scheme which seems to have some promise. Under a recent legislative enactment, a Mutual Savings Central Fund has been set up, in which all savings banks in the state are required to be members. They place in this fund a certain proportion of their own deposits, not exceeding 3 percent; and this money is used in case of emergency to help any bank which is experiencing a run. The fact that the fund exists operates, of course, to maintain public confidence and to diminish the likelihood that it will ever be used. As a stop-gap measure, the Massachusetts plan is undoubtedly entitled to serious consideration.

CALIFORNIA'S grape growers are asking: When is a decision? In the late summer of 1929, Prohibition Director Doran went to California and conferred with the leaders, members and representatives of the grape industry. They had organized as the California Vineyardists' Association, and this association, controlling an overwhelming proportion of the nation's juice-grape and table-grape acreage, had been striving by every legitimate means to keep its members out of bankruptcy in the face of what had become, because of prohibition, overproduction. Every fall trainloads of grapes were rotting on the tracks unsold, and the growers' efforts to spread out the shipments, to reduce acreage and develop new uses for grapes, were, if rather bungling, at any rate better than the obvious alternative, the making and selling of bootleg wine. Dr. Doran appeared to recognize that the industry, being inescapably a going concern, would go either for the l... or against it. Preferring the latter, he rendered Volstead Act, the gist of which was, that it was lawful to sell fruit, or the crushed-out juices of fruit, and that such sales would not be interfered with; that if said juices fermented afterward, the government could do nothing about it unless sales of such fermented product occurred—by which time, obviously, the grape growers would be in the clear.

THUS encouraged, the growers went ahead, formed a new organization and developed juice manufacture on a large scale, only to have it ruled unlawful by a Kansas judge on the ground that the juice was intended for wine. Of course it was. Nature did that, by devising the yeast-germ which lives upon the grape. What the Californians were doing was to sell the yeast along with the juice, plus a little advice and service. Dr. Doran could hardly have misunderstood the intent, but it didn't seem to him to be within the purview of the law. His successor, Colonel Woodcock, has adopted the ruling of the Kansas judge, and the growers' new departure is outlawed. The episode illustrates not only the difficulty of outlawing fermentation, but also the growing tendency of the law to reach into and control mental trends and processes. But primarily it shows the difficulty of dealing with a scattering, changeable, over-departmented government, and the resentment incurred thereby. The grape growers now have come out for light wines, and have declared war on the law they were trying to obey.

THE unanimous decision of the Supreme Court denying the power of the Senate to reconsider its confirmation of the appointment of George Otis Smith as chairman of the Federal Power Commission is probably sound from a technical point of view. The Senate had confirmed the appointment and the President had placed Mr. Smith in office when the Senate voted to reconsider. This, however, has nothing to do with the merits of the case. We believe the Senate was correct in its ultimate judgment concerning his fitness for the place. One of the first official acts of the Commission under his chairmanship was to dismiss its able accountant, William V. King, and Charles A. Russell, its solicitor, who had supported Mr. King's contentions concerning the valuation and bookkeeping practices of utility companies which the Commission was supposed to regulate. The fact that at the same time the Commission dismissed its executive secretary, Frank E. Bonner, who had adopted a pro-utility stand and opposed Mr. King, did not excuse this desertion of an able public servant whom the utilities had opposed because of his long and conscientious struggle for honest supervision of their outrageous accounting practices.

THE judges who award the Pulitzer prizes have never yet succeeded in pleasing everybody, and it is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nevertheless, their selections seem to us on the whole more intelligent and courageous than in any other recent year. The cartoon by John T. McCutcheon, though published in The Chicago Tribune, might have appeared, without surprising anyone, in The New Masses. Mr. Walter Duranty, who was given the prize for foreign correspondence, has been conspicuously fair and friendly to the experiment of Russian Communism. Particularly interesting is the committee's award to "Of Thee I Sing," the Kaufman-Ryskind-Gershwin musical satire which, for all its limitations, is the most mortal thrust to American politics in at least a generation. It is a matter of grave question whether such awards as the Pulitzer prizes do as much good as harm; but if we must have them, by all means let them be of the character seen this year.

RADICAL critics of the American press are fond of saying that journalism is not, and under existing conditions cannot be, a profession. They point out that the American newspaper editor is usually only the hired employee of the owner, and that the ultimate authority always rests with the latter. It remains true, however, that newspaper men have a wide degree of latitude in regard to their personal conduct; and nothing indicates this more clearly than the esteem in which some editors are held by their fellow craftsmen, and the disrepute of others. Some years ago, an American Society of Newspaper Editors was formed, largely for the purpose of improving the standards of conduct in journalism. It adopted a handsome code of ethics; it has held annual meetings; and some of its members believe that it has made conspicuous progress. In the past, however, other members have criticized it because it has never dared to adopt the principle that any individual could be expelled from its ranks for dishonorable conduct. For several years a dispute over this point has raged in the society, and has almost threatened disruption. We are glad to report that at the annual convention held recently the braver spirits conquered. The society adopted an amendment to the by-laws which provides that a majority of the Board of Directors can suspend a member, after the presentation of formal charges, and after a hearing in which he has the right to defend himself; and with the same procedure, a two-thirds majority of the Board can expel. Such machinery as this of course means little unless it is used, or people know that it will be used if necessity arises; but it is encouraging to find that in this one respect, at least, the journalists are following in the footsteps of the lawyers, the doctors and other professional groups.

THE newspaper editors are now equipped to discipline their own members, but not to deal with misdeeds of other journalists. If they were, they would find much work for themselves growing out of the revelations made last week by Representative LaGuardia. Mr. LaGuardia, appearing before the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, and aided by a trunkful of documents, charged that a long list of New York financial writers had been bribed to boost certain stocks in the columns of their papers. In all, nearly $300,000 was paid in bribes by one individual alone in a fairly short time, about eight years ago; and there is no reason to believe that the same delicate technique was not pursued by others with stocks to be foisted off upon the gullible public. Even those who are cynical about newspaper morals in general must agree that the men accused by Representative LaGuardia should either be made to prove their innocence or be drummed out of the business.

MR. A. R. Orage, who for so many years and so brilliantly, edited The New Age, once again has a chair worthy of his abilities. The New English Weekly, which has just made its first appearance in London, promises to be a continuation of much that was good in the former journal, with some fresh merits of its own. The economic doctrine of the new paper is suggested by the editor when he writes that "Art, religion and culture, education and sociology generally, world peace, internationalism, the whole future of mankind on this planet, all alike depend on our ability to face up to and practically solve the problem presented to the race for the first time in its history—the problem, simply stated and, as we have said, in theoretic solution equally simple, of creating and distributing purchasing power *pari passu* with our expanding means of production. The fundamental problem, we repeat, is one of Money, since Science has settled every other; and there is no problem of the world today whose solution does not depend upon it." The paper will not be confined solely to consideration of this problem, important as it is; all the customary departments appear as well. Not the least interesting material in the first issue are nearly seven pages of letters to the editor from well known figures in English life, congratulating him and themselves that his voice is again to be heard.

AFTER a period of grave anxiety as to its future, New York's Metropolitan Opera Company has decided to carry on. The season will be shortened, salaries have been slashed, and the company is now flirting with Mr. Rockefeller's Radio City, after having haughtily rejected his first advances; but at least some opera will be heard in New York. In other places the outlook is much more dubious. The Los Angeles Grand Opera is suspended for the period of the depression. Ravinia Park, near Chicago, which has long offered opera to the masses at modest prices, will make no presentation this summer. The Chicago Grand Opera is facing a deficit of half a million dollars, and its chief angel, Mr. Samuel Insull, has just seen the $2,500,000-

LICENSED TO UMBC
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

000 receivership of his Middle West Utilities Company. In 1930, opera was heard in twenty-four cities; in 1931 the number was reduced to ten, and in 1932 it will be six. What is true of opera is more or less true of other types of music, and particularly of the expensive symphony orchestras. Music in America has been in a flourishing condition in the last decade or so; but broadly speaking, those who have attended the opera or the concerts have never paid what it cost. When the rich no longer feel rich enough to write fat deficit-covering checks, we shall be forced either to produce at half the present cost, or double the admission price—or to go without. It will be interesting to see which of these courses is followed.

IN THE United States we have democracy (in theory, at least) for everybody but the Americans. The Indians, the only group really entitled to that name, are as everyone knows presumed to be incapable of managing their own affairs, and are therefore made the wards of the federal government. The hardships, injustices and oftentimes the downright cruelties which they suffer have many times been set forth and need not be repeated here. Now at last several bills have been introduced in Congress which hold out some hope for an amelioration of present conditions, by freeing the Indians largely from governmental control. In the House a bill proposes the incorporation of the Klamath tribe, the corporation thus formed being empowered to carry on all important tribal business. If this experiment should be adopted, and should prove successful, it will be followed in the case of other tribes as well. In the Senate two bills (S3668 and S3717) have been introduced for the restoration of the old tribal councils by which the Indians managed their affairs, and with considerable success, for many centuries before the white man came. These tribal councils would have a considerable degree of control over the Indians' funds. They would conduct the other business of the tribe. Perhaps most important of all, they would set up a machinery through which, upon petition of a majority of the members of a tribe, any government official in charge of their welfare could be removed from office. These bills, in our judgment, thoroughly deserve to pass. The principle which holds good in the education of our children is also true of the Indians: that we learn to be responsible by having responsibility thrust upon us.

EVER since the invention of the movies, people have risen from time to time to remark that they have extraordinary educational value; but after more than a quarter of a century, this educational value still remains almost entirely in the future. All the elaborate efforts to make films for the classroom have come down at last to just about nothing; and the same thing is true of the attempts to make educational pictures for other groups. An occasional medical film is produced; some of the pictures of travel and exploration have a certain mild educational usefulness; but that is all. Even the advent of the talking film, which in theory so greatly widened the educational possibilities, has been followed by little. In the light of this history, it is interesting to know of another attempt to make motion pictures with a serious purpose. The International Film Foundation was announced last week in New York City, and its first film, "The Cry of the World," is ready for distribution. The new agency is apparently on a non-profit basis; it will produce films, and act as a clearing house for the worthy productions of other groups, coöperating with the Hays organization, some of the leading motion-picture companies and "many leaders in the field of visual education." We wait with interest, strongly tempered with skepticism, for the evidence that it will be able to succeed in a field which is strewn with the bones of so many of its ambitious predecessors.

An Economic Ruling Class

IN RECENT weeks the financial pages have been printing information concerning the extent to which the number of shareholders of important corporations has increased since the depression. Apparently many more "owners" of our productive equipment exist now than in 1929. In former days the boosters of the new era would have seized upon this revelation to point out that America's riches were being more widely shared. The profits of ownership are of course meager at present. But it might be casually inferred that at least that other chief aspect of ownership, "control," is being somewhat democratized.

Unfortunately for this conclusion, legal ownership of productive property no longer means control of that property, and the more widely diversified the ownership, the less does it control. For some time economists have been calling attention to the various devices and situations which separate ownership from control, such as pyramiding of holding corporations as in railroads and utilities, non-voting stock, control by a compact minority of stockholders, voting trusts, or simply a self-perpetuating management virtually independent of the dispersed stockholders. It has not been generally known, however, to what extent this development has gone. In a recent issue of The Quarterly Journal of Economics, Professor Gardiner C. Means published the results of a careful analysis of the control of the 200 largest American corporations at the end of 1929, which represented about half the corporate business of the country. While his conclusions necessarily had to rest upon the exercise of judgment as well as upon the ascertainable facts, they are probably not far from the truth.

They bring out the startling fact that *only 6*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

percent of this corporate wealth was under the control of its "owners"—that is, persons owning more than half of the stock outstanding. Minority stock interests controlled 14 percent; legal devices —such as non-voting stock, holding companies, etc.—deprived the majority of control in 22 percent; while managements independent of stockholders by virtue of the wide dispersion of the stock controlled 58 percent of the corporate wealth. The separation of ownership from control had not gone so far in the case of industrial companies as in railroads and utilities, but even there, considerably more than half were under non-owner control.

If Mr. Means should repeat his survey today, he would undoubtedly find a larger part under the management of receivers, and he would have to give more consideration to the control exercised by bankers over the minorities. But the shareholders have certainly become no more influential, and they probably will not do so in the future.

The significance of a development like this in our economy is difficult to overestimate. Economists used to identify ownership with management, and when they had to admit a separate niche for management, they still attributed control to the owner. It was a pretty picture while it lasted—that of the entrepreneur investing his money, taking risks, utilizing his shrewdness in running industry and earning his profit accordingly. But, as Mr. Means writes, this new development "involves a change in the organization of enterprise almost as revolutionary as that which occurred in the industrial revolution. . . . As the factory system divorced control from labor, so the corporate system is divorcing control from ownership. . . . The economic areas within which production can be conducted on a rational coördinated basis become limited only by the ability of a few individuals to administer successfully the huge organization of workers and wealth which can be brought under their control. At the same time, the corporate system creates a vast class of individuals dependent, so far as their wealth is concerned, on the action of others, just as the factory system created a vast class of dependent workers." In a footnote he points out that a hundred companies as large as the A. T. and T. "would control all the wealth in the United States, would employ all the working population and, if there were no duplication of stockholders, would be owned by every family in the country."

Economic and legal theories, both conservative and radical, must shift their thinking to deal with this new phenomenon. There are capitalists and capitalists, but most of the actual owners of capital have nothing to say about the operation of the system and contribute no ingenuity or energy to its government. Those who have real power are probably as small a ruling class, in relationship to the people and the riches under their command, as any that ever existed in the world's history. They do not now use their power for collective ends or in a rational and coördinated manner. But when a challenge is flung out that our economy ought to be so managed, the challenge is addressed to a going institution and a limited and definite class of persons just as truly as when the proponents of liberty and equality were challenging the Bourbon monarchy in France and its court.

The objectors to a system of economic planning and social control, who protest that it would drastically limit the freedom of the owner to do as he likes with his property, are talking about a sort of freedom which is already little but a shadow. If, by political means, agencies were set up to govern industry and finance for collective ends, we should not be taking from the great majority of owners any power they now possess; we should merely be transferring the power from small minorities. We should indeed have to minimize the chance of owners to realize speculative profits—and losses—but perhaps, in comparison with their recent experiences, they would suffer little from this.

It is one thing to justify institutions like "individual initiative" and "competition" and "private enterprise" in an economy which is really characterized by the small, personally controlled units which made these terms mean something, and quite another to apply the stale ideas left over from the primitive kind of economic society to an economy in which control is already centralized. A system of big units simply won't work if operated without foresight and interadjustment, and for the purpose of personal accumulation. The fact that we have already gone far in the process of building up a kind of economic organization which must be run collectively if it is to produce decent satisfactions for anyone is the surest of signs that changes in our ways of managing affairs will be effected. For revolutions—whether peaceful or otherwise—usually follow great shifts of power and great changes of institutions; they seldom precede them. They register an existing situation. They transfer authority from those who have become reckless in its exercise, and suppress privileged classes that are actually useless. What they create is merely a channel for ideas and forces which have long been gathering behind a dam of anachronisms.

Death of a Poet

WHO CAN unravel the motives for which a poet chooses to end his life? Was he driven to suicide by personal worries, the mere regret for wasted years and talents ebbing away, or were his doubts so universal that other poets must answer them in order to justify themselves for continuing to breathe and sing? Take for example the case of Hart Crane. Should we be satisfied with the tags of the daily press—"financial difficulties," "artistic discouragement," "a fit of melancholy"—or should we demand subtler

LICENSED TO GALE GROUP
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interpretations? What would the psychologist say about his death—or the man of affairs, or the literary critic, or the Marxian interpreter of social disorders?

The facts of his career are simple. Hart Crane grew up in a divided household and lived a turbulent life; at thirty-two he had published two books of verse, "White Buildings" and "The Bridge." The first was praised rather more than it was read, being a difficult work for the average reader. The second was simpler and more ambitious; after its publication, in 1930, Crane was widely recognized as the first poet of his generation, the only one who could be mentioned in the same breath as Whitman and Poe. He was planning a third book, an epic poem about Mexico, but it was known that the work had gone forward slowly, if at all. Meanwhile, the poet himself was living recklessly: there were tales of his being jailed in Paris, of altercations with the Mexican police. This spring Crane determined to revisit his family in Cleveland, where his father's estate was still unsettled. At noon on April 27, when his ship was fifty miles off the Florida coast, he jumped overboard. Did he carry some secret with him into the ocean—into that "great wink of eternity," that "superscription of bent foam and wave" which he celebrated so often in his poems?

How would the man in the street interpret this story? Crane was a crazy poet anyhow; he had money troubles; he must have been drinking: such comments, whether true or false, leave everything to be interpreted. The amateur psychologist, for his part, would bring forward that same Oedipus complex which explains the tragedies of Poe and Baudelaire, the genius of Leonardo da Vinci. In Crane's case, the initial maladjustment led to emotional disorders, from which he tried to escape: poetry and death were his two methods of self-evasion. Passages from his letters and poems could be cited to support this point of view, which incidentally has much to recommend it. But it remains true that his last six months were probably the calmest period of his life, and that his emotional problems for once seemed capable of solution.

The literary critic, studying his career, might offer a more complicated explanation for the sudden end of it. Crane made the mistake of writing a too ambitious poem too early in his life. "The Bridge" was not the sort of book which a gifted poet should write at thirty, or even forty. It was an attempt to express the history of America, and the heart of it, and the poet's heart as well, in verse as sonorous as Milton's; it was a poem which compares in intention, if not in fulfilment, with great epics like "The Divine Comedy" and "Paradise Lost." It could be followed only by years of anticlimax, which might be a period either of recuperation for another ambitious work, or ing such anticlimax; he could not devote himself to public life or patient scholarship; he insisted on living always at the highest pitch of emotion. Turbulence, excitement, tumultuous visions, were the elements of his poetry. They could be subdued to order by the demands of meter and rhyme, but in life he could not subdue them; like Poe and Baudelaire before him, he exhausted his will power in the process of composition; he had to sing or be helpless, and for nearly two years he had fallen silent.

There is, however, another interpretation of Crane's tragedy, and one which could not be offered in the case of Baudelaire or Poe. He was not, like them, a lyric poet dealing primarily with personal emotions. He would have liked to celebrate a great tradition, to ally himself with a great society, but the tradition and the society were lacking. When he tried, in "The Bridge," to create a myth of America, he was forced to depend on imperfect symbols. Brooklyn Bridge is the noblest work of American engineering, but the poet is wrong to address it as the "Terrific threshold of the prophet's pledge"; for all his great apostrophe, it remains a bridge and nothing more. And when he prays to it:

> Unto us lowliest sometime sweep, descend
> And of thy curveship lend a myth to God,

there is a terrifying disproportion between his emotions and the symbol he uses to express them. He tries again and again to see beneath the surface of American life, to understand its meaning; but he is forced to doubt that our present society has any meaning whatever. Can he take refuge in illusion? He returns to Indian tribal gods:

> . . . Medicine-man, relent, restore—
> Lie to us—dance us back the tribal morn!

but the dream fades, the poem ends, and the poet is left still searching.

His search continued in life as in his poems. From Dayton to Cleveland, from Cleveland to New York, from New York to a Connecticut farm—thence to the West Indies, to Paris, to a Mexican village in the shadow of Popocatepetl, where he lived surrounded by people speaking Aztec and beating tribal drums—always his career was an escape from something and the desperate hope of finding something else, a secret hidden across the ocean or around the corner. In the end, he doubted that such a secret existed in our present society.

He felt that society must be changed; he was vastly excited by hearing that writers were becoming revolutionary; yet he questioned whether poets were the men to change it. He often asked, "What place is there for poets in this world?" In moments of dejection, he would fling up his arms and shout, "What good are poets today!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The world needs men of action." And so, as his ship steamed northward from Vera Cruz, he sat in his closed cabin playing the phonograph, as he used to do when composing a poem; but this time he was meditating a poem of a different sort, a poem of action which the world could interpret in its own fashion.

Where Unemployment Is Worst

PRESIDENT HOOVER is more or less correct when he insists that the present depression shall invariably be referred to as "worldwide." It now exists practically everywhere except in Communist Russia, where the poor benighted Bolshevists refuse to enjoy such blessings of capitalism as bread lines, riots by the unemployed and starvation. One of the significant things about the depression, however, is the fact that it is not uniformly severe, even among the great industrialized nations in which conditions are similar. There is some profit to be gained from a consideration of the relative degree of the depression in each of these chief nations.

For a brief period before 1929, unemployment in the United States was in the main of a seasonal and a technological character. Men were being replaced by machines in some occupations, but they were usually reabsorbed into our continuously expanding industry. There was no unemployment in France. There was no true unemployment in Russia; industrial workers were not out of a job in any great numbers, though masses of peasants were coming from the villages to the cities and could not be absorbed with sufficient rapidity into industrial life. The factories of Germany were busy. Only in Great Britain was unemployment a serious problem, as that country struggled to regain her markets which had been lost during the War. But this picture has been radically altered since the beginning of the "worldwide" depression. The highest percentage of unemployment is now to be found in the United States, with Germany following as a close second. Great Britain lags behind to a considerable degree, closely followed by Italy and France. Such unemployment as there was in Russia has nearly disappeared.

In 1930 there were 48,500,000 persons "gainfully employed" in the United States, but only about one-half were in commerce and industry. It is an extremely conservative calculation that seven to eight millions are entirely unemployed and one to two millions temporarily laid off (some authorities estimate that the total number is now 12,000,000). If we estimate the total at 9,000,000, our unemployed are 36 percent of our industrial and commercial workers. The corresponding figure for Germany is 6,000,000 out of a total number of 21,000,000, or 28.5 percent. In Great Britain there are 2,400,000 out of 12,000,000, or 20 percent. Figures for France and Italy are much less reliable, but in both countries unemployment undoubtedly runs well up toward a million. (The French official statistics are meaningless, since they include only persons formerly employed by factories with fifty or more workers, who are now completely without employment.) As for the situation in Russia, it is well known that involuntary unemployment is now nonexistent, and the country could use several million additional skilled workers, if it could get them.

This comparison among the Great Powers becomes all the more striking if we consider the percentages of increase which have followed the downward movement of the business cycle. The increase is far greater in the United States than in any other country, and justifies the observation that the severity of the depression, the amount of unemployment, increases in a direct ratio with the absence of government control of industry, and the lack of measures for social remediation. Russia, with a maximum control of industry, does not feel the depression at all, except as her foreign customers are less able than formerly to buy her exports. In the other European countries mentioned, one form or another of unemployment insurance serves to cushion the shock and to continue at least a limited buying power on the part of those who are now out of work.

In all these countries, moreover, business is considerably more restricted than in the United States through governmental agencies in the interest of the general good. Only this country remains in a condition of unrelieved industrial anarchy, with hardly any restriction upon the excesses of private capitalism, leaving our unemployed to the tender mercies of private and public charity, or to starvation. This happy state of things has given us an increase in unemployment of 600 percent, as compared to Great Britain's increase of 70 percent. No doubt our Fourth of July orators this year will refer with pride to this fact as again proving that everything is bigger and brighter in the good old U. S. A.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1932, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK ALVIN JOHNSON
E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES
R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Battle of the Danube

WE HAVE been watching from London one of the periodical attempts to save Central Europe from catastrophe. On these occasions the French and British Prime Ministers meet, survey the ruins and propose, as the case may be, a moratorium or a loan. They then adjourn and the rest of us look forward with unshaken confidence to a further meeting, which after the lapse of a year or less will again survey the ruins, and again prescribe a loan. One marvels at their devotion to the principles of homeopathic medicine. Europe lies gasping under its debts, but it seems that this poison can be eliminated only by a further dose. Three or four of the Danubian states must go bankrupt, we are told, within a month, but to the irreverent outsiders it seems that the statesmanship of the Great Powers has nothing to propose in the shape of a fundamental remedy. They will lend a sum that may avail for a year or two to pay the interest on past borrowings. They will insist on the overhauling of budgets and the imposition of some measure of financial control, which will mean a further shock of deflation for patients already in the last stages of anemia. The expenditure on the social services will be cut to the bone: the staffs of ministries and railways will be searched with a fine comb: salaries, wages, pensions and doles will be mercilessly reduced. Nothing, however, in our ample experience of these methods authorizes us to hope that health will return with a rush of exuberant life in response to this meager diet.

These homeopathic physicians are incorrigible empirics, who rarely vary their habit of prescribing for the symptoms rather than the disease. They perceive that the treasuries of these Danubian states are empty, and so they proceed to shovel in a little money. On this occasion, however, they did a little thinking, and tried to go further than usual in diagnosing the malady of chronic poverty and insolvency. Twelve years after the Peace of Paris they realize belatedy some of the mischief which the Allies wrought, when they ignored economics and redrew the map of Europe to suit the dictates of military strategy. The old Dual Monarchy may have been a ramshackle political structure, but it furnished a big and fairly well balanced area of internal free trade, under a single system of credit, commercial law and transport, centralized in Vienna. When half a dozen frontiers had been drawn across it, when its railways had been cut into independent sections, when new currencies, high tariffs and inexperienced essays in legal and administrative technique had broken up the old Hapsburg system, it is not surprising that markets shrank, trade dwindled and paralysis crept alike over the merchants and bankers of Vienna and the farmer of the peasant states. It was a natural impulse t enquire whether this broken economic unity coul be pieced together again. The solution, however which M. Tardieu proposed was impossibl naïve.

One cannot, by linking up the "succession states,' as they are called, in a customs union, or a networ of mutual preferences, restore the well poised unit of the Hapsburg monarchy. The area is very muc bigger and in the process of extension the forme balance has been lost. For one must now includ the whole of Serbia and Rumania, together wit Bessarabia, which before the War was Russian This vast new area is almost solidly agricultural A system of tariff preferences would certainly bene fit the Czechs, and to a less degree the Viennese but it would do little to help the Hungarians, th Rumanians and the Jugoslavs to dispose of thei farm produce. The appetite of the two semi industrial states is limited at the best, and, with a controlled budget, it is unlikely to grow more ro bust. Evidently the market which eastern Europ requires for its grain and its pigs is to be foun only in the densely peopled industrial areas o Germany: in the second place comes Italy. Fron Germany in turn these Danubian states draw one fourth of their imported merchandise, whic amounts to a tenth of all that Germany exports In short, even a first superficial glance at this prob lem suffices for the dismissal of this French project if one weighs its economic merits, what inevitabl emerges is a wholly different and yet familiar solu tion. The ideally balanced unit is that *"Mittel Europa,"* that vast dominion of Central Europe which it was the war aim of Berlin to knit togethe in the Great War. The fortune of arms dissipate this dream and delayed its creation for twelve years today economic logic irresistibly works for it restoration.

The inspiration of M. Tardieu's project was, o course, political. It was the answer to that proposa of an Austro-German Customs Union, open to th entry of other Danubian states, which was all bu adopted when French jealousy destroyed it. T leave a vacuum would have been dangerous: some thing had to be invented to breathe hope into the moribund Austrian Republic. If Vienna's face could once be turned to the East, her dream of ar eventual union with her Northern kinsmen must gradually fade. Paris is already the quasi-imperial metropolis of three of these states. They are her military allies; they form a satellite group behind her at Geneva: her loans have built up their armies: her capital created their arsenals and munition works: all are deep in her debt, and M. Tardieu

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proposed to place them under further obligations. Manifestly this Danubian economic union must have become the fettered client of French finance and a reliable tool of French policy. It could have been used with formidable effect to overawe Germany. So long as she walked with the modesty incumbent on a defeated power in paths favored by French policy, the tariffs of the Danubian Union would not be raised excessively against her, though her rival—the Czechs—would enjoy a 10-percent advantage in competition with her exports. But if she should aspire to equality in the right to arm, if she should stiffen her neck over reparations, if she should talk with too much feeling about Memel or Danzig or the Polish Corridor, then manifestly a hint from the bankers and diplomats of Paris might close the Danube to her merchants.

History has already buried this French project. Inevitably the Germans and Italians destroyed it, when once they were called into counsel. It menaced their legitimate interests, and there was no reason why they should sacrifice themselves for a scheme that promised little gain to three of the five Danubian states. The motives of France, Germany and Italy in this affair are easy to read: the puzzle is to explain the equivocal attitude of Mr. MacDonald's government. It supported the project to the extent of making it its own, and yet killed it by insisting on a preliminary conference of the four Great Powers. What was in its mind? Little, I imagine, beyond the two elementary considerations, that it wishes to walk amicably with its French neighbor, who is nearly omnipotent in Europe, and yet cannot wholly forget the claim of Germany to some consideration. It will not crusade for justice, but the City of London has the tenderness of an anxious creditor towards the German debtor. Further than this, there is the humorous possibility that Sir John Simon, once an enthusiast for free trade, has come to regard that doctrine as an article of export. Banished from England, might it not be transplanted with picturesque effect to the Danubian landscape? The Tory intellectuals, on the other hand, feel a generous enthusiasm for the expedient of economic federalism. They see salvation for England in the ideal of an empire bound by tariff preferences. What they think good in our own case might also be beneficial on the Danube. Unfortunately the organic structure of such a federation is lacking. At the center it must have a financial mechanism and accumulated capital, and this center, while it lends to the outlying agricultural states or dominions, must be willing to receive their produce by way of interest. On that formula the British Empire was constructed: it holds together because London is at once a lavish lender and a greedy importer. Europe, though every argument of pacific prudence and economic good sense calls to her for unification, lacks this necessary structure. Berlin has the market, but possesses no capital. Paris has the [illegible] her doors to the wheat with which alone eastern Europe could pay the interest on her borrowings.

No competent observer would deny that the Balkanization of Central Europe is part of the explanation of its economic misery. Economic nationalism has gone far in Europe to neutralize the gains of mass production. The mischief of high tariffs has been enormously aggravated during these years of slump by the still more formidable devices of exchange restrictions and import quotas. Germany cut her imports by one-half, and the Danubian states were driven to even harsher limitations. It would be childlike, however, to regard these desperate measures as anything save a symptom of a more deeply seated malady. These states reduced their imports in order to steady their balance of trade. They struggled to export without importing, because they were heavily in debt. Burdened already, before the slump, by a weight of external debt which sank their ships below the load-line, they had now to cope with the mischief of a sudden and unprecedented fall in prices. Measured in goods, a debt which may have been just bearable in 1929 is now swollen by over 50 percent. Some of these external debts are of older standing, and have undergone, as prices fall, a still more extravagant appreciation. Turn to any of the standard indices of wholesale prices, and you will find that a debt incurred in 1920 must be repaid in 1932 with thrice the volume of goods that the creditor would have accepted as his due twelve years ago. Need one ask for any further explanation of the expected bankruptcy of these Danubian states? Staggering out of the War in 1920, after a German invasion and a narrow escape from an agrarian revolution, Rumania, with shaken credit, borrowed money on onerous terms. Today, to meet the interest on that debt, three ships laden with wheat and corn must sail from the Danube, where one sailed before. Most of us realize that in Germany's case it was this fall in prices which upset the Young Plan, and ended the possibility of reparations. But is it generally realized that every debt, public and private, internal or external, has undergone the same incredible enhancement? The case of industrial states which can pay in manufactured goods is sufficiently serious, but an agricultural state faces unprecedented ruin.

To propose as a remedy for this evil a further addition to the load of debt, balanced by a 10-percent reduction in tariffs, seems a mere irrelevance. There are grave political objections to M. Tardieu's plan, but the real objection to it is that it leaves untouched this monstrous injustice of the debt that grew like Jonah's gourd. One does not look to politicians who lead conservative hosts for radical solutions. But does any solution merit the name, even as an interim expedient, unless it provides either for the scaling down of debts or the raising of prices?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Man Who Keeps Mooney in Jail

HAD James Rolph, Jr., Governor of California, been the Rolph of the old gorgeous days of the San Francisco Exposition, the symbolic tragedy of the Mooney case would today be symbolic no more. It would have ended in an absurd and splendid gesture, one that would have built up the myth of Rolph's own splendor and genial princeliness, while leaving the issue itself compromised and pointless. He could have kicked Mooney out of jail by commuting his sentence—or ordering compulsory parole—exonerating France without pardoning Dreyfus. He could, and in the old days he would, have done this empty thing with a royal smile and a reference to his favorite fact, that the dome of San Francisco's City Hall is twenty-seven feet higher than the Capitol at Washington. Mooney, of course, wanting no compromise, would have gnashed his teeth. Perhaps such a dwindled dénouement of the case would have satisfied a group of Mooney partisans, who, by employing such a tool as Walker, seemed to indicate a policy of release-at-any-price.

But Rolph passed up the gesture. The myth is shattered. We have here, not the all-things-to-all-men politician who rolled up safe majorities during twenty-three years as mayor of The Greatest City on Earth, but the ear-to-the-ceiling Governor who took time out, after the Walker circus, and hid behind an Advisory Board of faithful friends. Rolph didn't need four months to learn everything essential about the Mooney case. He was marching in the parade when the bomb went off, he was mayor during the pre-trial period and the trials and the Oxman exposure and the Densmore Report and all the rest of it; he was in Fremont Older's office when Policeman Draper Hand confessed. The whole story has unrolled under his official nose. Still, those four months were necessary and that time-out had a purpose. Did the men who now run California—a singularly small, singularly dominant and singularly pin-headed group—want Mooney turned loose, or didn't they? How lay the well drugged body of voter opinion? Thus the issue.

So now we have a new document, written by the elderly, lovable and opinionated gentleman whom Rolph has always called "Uncle Matt." Matthew I. Sullivan has been one of Rolph's hide-behinds for years. True, Rolph hasn't always taken "Uncle Matt's" advice—he didn't take it, certainly, when he, as mayor, handed over the city's $100,000,000 Yosemite Park power project to the same Pacific Gas and Electric Company that once employed Martin Swanson, Mooney's nemesis. "Uncle Matt" was on Rolph's Power Advisory Board and recommended on that occasion that the shifty this time "Uncle Matt's" advice is accepted; and "Uncle Matt" was always against the Mooney release. He is so hotly against it that, in his written opinion, he takes Estelle Smith's *third* sworn statement and forgets her first two—thus allowing twenty-eight minutes' time for the famous jitney-bus trip, instead of the original eight minutes, which made that trip impossible. He brushes aside the Oxman perjury as of no vital importance, although, without the Oxman evidence, no witness remains to place the jitney bus at Steuart and Market, where the bomb went off. "Uncle Matt's" law partner, Theodore J. Roche, in the firm of Sullivan, Sullivan and Roche, declined to serve as Rolph's advisor in this case, because he is head of the San Francisco Board of Police Commissioners and rightly felt disqualified, his own police department being under fire. With equal propriety, Roche's law partner ought to have declined. The atmosphere of resentment at Older's exposure, an atmosphere lived in and absorbed for years, flames out through the Sullivan report, which scathingly criticizes Older despite the fact that the battling editor had nothing whatever to do with the Walker trip, and disapproved the tawdry tactics thereof. No, we have not an unbiased report on the Mooney case.

After all, the California set-up is amazingly simple. It is the story of the gradual coalescing of a few industrial, agricultural and banking leaders, who initially built up their reactionary policies in two separate groups, in San Francisco and Los Angeles, but have come together through sheer community of interest and now run the state. At the disposal of this group is a powerful ramifying set-up for the creation of public opinion: newspapers, improvement clubs, farm organizations and the "boost" movement. The story of Rolph's long mayoralty is the tragedy of a small banker who started out sincerely to "play horse" with labor and the public no less than with the Chamber of Commerce and the open-shop crowd; thought he could do it by sheer good will; launched many excellent things; then, little by little, through the years, gave way to the surrounding gang behind the scenes, while maintaining, ever more artificially and violently, the papier-mâché front. Democracy under pressure of industrialism breeds these sad degenerations. Rolph—who lately was featured foolishly in the newsreels as "the only Westerner who still wears boots"—is an American tragedy.

He started so gloriously! San Francisco had sickened of a bad labor administration, and was suspicious of the "higher-ups" who had been indicted in the graft prosecutions. And here came

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

millionaire. He lived in the Mission, the labor district: a prime political asset. His bank was the little Mission Bank. His shipping firm, and the related coal firm, had been fair to labor. He was, if memory serves, president of the Chamber of Commerce. And he went around to factories, in that first campaign, developing his famous smile, sticking out his hand to workmen and saying: "I'm Jim—you know, Jim Rolph—'Mission Jim.'" The nickname stuck.

The city needed water. The charter required public ownership. "Mission Jim," "Sunny Jim," became the municipal-ownership mayor. He went to Washington and splendidly stampeded Congress into granting the city the Yosemite (Hetch-Hetchy) impounding rights. The grant was based on a pledge that both the water and power would be municipally distributed forever. Even then, the utility companies objected; losing, they laid their plans.

Then came the 1915 Exposition. Rolph was the perfect mayor for an Exposition. His silk hat stole the glamor from the Tower of Jewels. There were delegations from Orange Free State to greet, exhibits of Hawaiian fish to dedicate, real ambassadors to be ridden up Market Street and dined at the Palace Hotel. Rolph forgot the City Hall, save that its dome was twenty-seven feet higher than the Capitol at Washington. He became a Gorgeous Greeter, a Burbling Booster, the best glad-hander I have ever seen. It went over. The two strains combined when Rolph, in his silk hat (he wore it daytimes and, some said, in bed) stood at the controller-bar of the first municipal streetcar and drove it along the dull new tracks. Crowds cheered—Rolph moved, in those days, through cheers.

Bad strikes occurred. They included the strike on the Pacific Gas and Electric, when Swanson, the private detective, first tried to "get" Mooney. (Mooney was acquitted of dynamiting charges, and this *acquittal* is the only legal basis for calling him a "dynamiter" today, as in the Sullivan report.) Rolph did an excellent thing: appointed an Impartial Wage Board, which functioned wisely and well. But under cover, the balance was already turning. The water-power system was being left negligently to the city engineer, and that worthy was going ahead on a big powerhouse with no place (except this power company) to sell the power. The scheme dated from the early days of the municipal-ownership venture, and the public wasn't wise. It persistently reëlected Rolph: he was the perfect vote-getter, no matter what he did, or neglected to do, under that dome on which the public eyes were fixed. Twenty years after the earthquake, children were still sitting two-at-a-desk in wooden-shack schools. It made no visible difference in the Rolph vote.

The power plot came out. The Scripps Daily News spotted it first, and the Hearst Examiner blasted it open in 1923. Rolph was caught in a jam. But he committed himself. I interviewed him, and obtained his commitment: no power company should lay violent hands on the people's $100,000,000 project. Meanwhile, everything was slipshod at the City Hall. Departments ran themselves. The Rolph grasp of affairs was weak; I have seen his attention wander vainly while trying to comprehend a Power Advisory report. The municipal railroad had piled up a surplus, then dissipated it on pay raises and extensions. Rolph never could resist appeals to "expand." His was the perfect bull-market psychology. "We'll find the money!" he used to exclaim. "Tell me that a great city like San Francisco can't find the money——"

As to the Mooney case, he very ably forgot it. Lillian Symes has narrated in Harper's Magazine how Older, upon obtaining Draper Hand's confession of witness-coaching, phoned Rolph to come to his office:

> The genial mayor, known throughout the state as "Sunny Jim," readily acquiesced and appeared at the editor's office in his usual expansive mood. The door was closed behind him, Hand was introduced to him and began his story. A stenographer recorded it. In a few moments Rolph must have realized that he was caught in what was to him an extremely distasteful situation. He was listening to a story which involved city officials in a frame-up. Rolph is a kindly man and he has a constitutional antipathy for nasty messes. The famous smile froze. Older sat between him and the door. He was forced to listen to the full recital. The presses that evening would broadcast the story: "Draper Hand Confesses to Mayor Rolph." The recital ended, and Mr. Older moved back toward his desk. Without a word the mayor shot through the door. . . . Nothing was done about the revelations.

The years, you see, had done something to the man. The glad-handing. The exhibitionism. The covering up. And it must be recorded that they had lost, too, Rolph's personal fortune. He was caught in the ship-building crash (men yet talk of the magnificent special-train junket, afloat with costly cheer, that dedicated his shipyard) and came out of it heavily indebted to a powerful bank. This is a bad situation for a mayor sitting on the lid of an industrial scandal, and with huge public properties, tempting to the private utility concerns, at his disposal. It is not human to suppose that any man could completely dissociate from his public policies the fact of being so involved in his private capacity. I never have thought that certain newspaper attacks, implying crude use of this debt for purposes of outright control, were either true or fair. Such pressure needn't be applied. What happens to a public official's own clearness of mind and vision, under the sharp spur of private worry, is the thing to be considered. And that is pathetic.

It all came to a head that day in June, 1924, when Rolph, without a moment's notice, went into his Board of Supervisors and, in a violent speech, stampeded to passage the lease of the Yosemite Park power project to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, under an indeterminate contract that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gave the city a pittance of $2,000,000, minus operating expenses, a year. The power company proceeded to resell public Yosemite power to its owners, the people of the city, for $8,500,000 a year. A shameful deal. It violated all Rolph's public commitments, reversed his policy of years, was publicly branded a "sell-out." Nine supervisors who voted for it were removed from office by the voters the following November. It poisoned Rolph's final years in the mayoralty. Yet he did it with a verve, with a gesture. The shirt-front didn't fall. The dome still towered above the sold-out City Hall.

When the rumor went out (it was probably untrue) that Rolph had committed himself to the Mooney pardon in advance of the Walker trip, I recalled those earlier commitments on municipal distribution of power, and was skeptical. Commitments were only commitments. He had violated them before, under like suasion, despite votes. Now, where new votes were ready and waiting, owing to the systematic poison of propaganda that had rained from above for years, what could any mere commitments mean? There was, of course, a chance that the barons of California had decided that, in consistency, since they opposed radicalism, they should not continue the Mooney scandal, the nation's foremost manufactory of radicals. But that was the only chance.

Rolph has needed these new votes. He crept into the Republican gubernatorial nomination because two Dry candidates were deadlocked; Rolph let it be noised abroad that he was Wet—he is, there is no doubt as to that—and after a baby-kissing and cow-milking campaign and a few bull-market speeches, he gained the Republican plurality. That nomination means election in California. As Governor, Rolph, beyond asking for a new and splendiferous gubernatorial mansion, has done nothing in particular. The Walker visit came providentially, for the publicity was wearing thin. But now a California Governor has had the fine courage to defy the mayor of the Nation's Biggest City, and Californians repeat their well learned saying that Mooney and Billings may not have set off that bomb, but they are bad actors anyhow, and ought to be where they are; and Communists, trying to interview Rolph at the Governors' Convention, advertise him beyond his own deserts. Like the boots he wore in the newsreel, it all helps panic the act.

The real drama is that of the pressure of professional office holding upon character. And that goes to the heart of the thing, the problem, called democracy. Is there a suicidal element in the election system, making a man a hollow show in office because of the path he must follow to be there? It depends, no doubt, on the particular ambush beside the path. California now presents two phenomena ready to the hands of opponents of our common faith—a man kept in prison because industrial pressure subverted democratic justice; and a man who keeps him there because votes, publicity, ballyhoo, wind, are the life and breath of democratic office holding. I don't know which of the two exhibits is the more significant, or pitiful.

ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS.

The Literary Class War: II

THERE is, however, another issue involved in these discussions about bourgeois and revolutionary art—the question of propaganda. What is propaganda?

Every work of literature implies a point of view, and its aim is to make other people share it. Propaganda is, properly, writing done to make people share the point of view of some particular movement or cause.

There is no reason why propaganda should not be good or even great literature. Whether or not it is depends, not on the extent to which it is propaganda, but solely on the abilities of the writer. Much of the stuff we are fed in school and college as classics of the rarest quality—Cicero's orations against Catiline, Burke on the French Revolution and the Conciliation with America, The Federalist, the "Arcopagitica," Bossuet's orations and a good deal of Voltaire and Rousseau—are propaganda pure and simple.

There is, of course, a wide difference between propaganda pure and simple and certain other kinds of writing—Dante or Shakespeare, for example. And we must be clear that these dramatists and poets are working in a different field from the writers of propaganda—though Dante had pamphleteered for Henry of Luxemburg and Shakespeare in his historical plays had written patriotic propaganda. But we must remember that the "Divine Comedy" is the expression of a strongly held point of view; and we must not allow the bourgeois critic to ticket as propaganda revolutionary works of art not in the propaganda class simply because the bourgeois critic does not like the point of view. Examples are Bernard Shaw's plays and Dos Passos's novels. Both have a background of Marxism—as the "Divine Comedy" has a background of medieval Catholicism. And nothing provides plainer evidence of the class bias of the bourgeois critic than his continual lamentations over the fact that the works of contemporary writers have no central faith or system to sustain them, and his simultaneous rejection as propaganda of all those works which depend on Marxism. They will ap-

DIGITIZED BY SYRACUSE ELECTRONIC PUBLICATIONS LIBRARY

prove of a T. S. Eliot when he gropes for a faith and a system among the shadows of Anglo-Catholicism—even though they say they cannot agree with him; they will applaud a Eugene O'Neill when he drapes a study in Freudian psychology on a system and faith which began to languish not long after the time of Aeschylus; but when a Dos Passos or a Shaw builds his work on the philosophy of Marxism, they will either bar it out as not genuine literature at all or they will profess that they cannot understand it, that it is chaotic, inconsequent—though if anything is characteristic of these two writers it is their careful thinking out of their material in terms of their fundamental philosophy, the precision of their design and its close relation to their central point of view.

But ought a writer to write propaganda, or ought he to write lyric poetry or dramas or histories or plays which present a more complex vision and take a longer view? The Marxist would say that this is a question which he must answer according to his own conscience and abilities. No matter what he writes, if it has the revolutionary hope behind it, it will be different from the writing of someone who has only the capitalist bankruptcy.

And events to a great extent decide these things for us. In times of actual revolution, there is not much chance for fiction, poetry and drama. At least, neither the French, the American nor the Russian revolution produced anything very remarkable in this line—though the two latter produced great political writing. The revolutionary writers themselves are too busy with immediate happenings for anything but propaganda; while the writers who do not participate are too much unsettled by the overturn of society for the complex vision and the long view—which are impossible without accepted values and stable institutions. Even poetry needs a sound soil manured with culture to nourish it: it cannot grow in disrupted ground.

As for the complaints one so frequently hears from literary people in America that communism would interfere with their freedom and compel them to write propaganda, whether they liked it or not—accompanied by stories of Russian atrocities against writers: young poets ordered to Magnitogorsk to write a poem about it, etc.—so far as I can see, nine-tenths of our writers would be much better off writing propaganda for communism than doing what they are at present: that is, writing propaganda for capitalism under the impression that they are liberals or disinterested minds, or even when honestly expressing their own ideas and emotions at the cost of going without the capitalist's wages, finding words for points of view which are becoming perforce as time goes on more dreary and muddled and sterile.

I wish we had a Magnitogorsk and that they could all be sent there. In their fears that communism would try to mold them into its own shapes, they are entirely unaware of what the present system has done to th[illegible]

the whole of human life; under Communism, as Trotsky says, it is society itself which becomes the work of art. And this task of construction and creation will require all the imagination and skill which human brains can supply. Why shouldn't the scientist and the artist be glad to contribute to its aims? Under capitalism, the law of society is exploitation for private profit. Let the artists not fool themselves that they are not being exploited, too. If they are not writing books to order for publishers engaged in speculation in the feeding of popular fashions, or diluting and degrading their ideas in a column in a capitalist paper, or designing perfumery or silk-stocking ads or illustrating trashy romances or hitching together scenarios without a spark of life out of the rubber-stamps of the movie studios—if, that is, they cannot be made to contribute to the self-enrichment of some capitalist, they are, in nine cases out of ten, shoved away into a corner where they can play at their art if they want to on the condition of not bothering about it the serious business of the world.

II

I have said that the Russian revolution produced great political writing. As one reads "Literature and Revolution," in which Trotsky takes up one by one the Russian writers of the revolutionary period and shows how they have been devitalized and demoralized by attempting to hang on to the old ideology, or made unnatural or discordant or awkward by straining toward a future, toward a present, to which the old literature offers no approach, it occurs to one that it is Trotsky and Lenin themselves who are the great Russian writers of the revolutionary period.

Communism, as Trotsky says, has as yet no artistic culture: it has only a political culture. But this political culture is already a literary culture, too. Trotsky shows how its tradition goes back through Marx to Hegel and English political economy. It is true that Marx himself was loaded down with all the literary paraphernalia of the old cultural traditions: "Das Kapital," with its wealth of illustration, its footnotes and sidelights and asides, its quotations from many literatures in their original many languages, still resembles in certain of its aspects Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." If its father was the moral genius of Judaism, its mother was the Renaissance. But in the writings of Lenin and Trotsky, Communism had forged its own instrument—accurate, impersonal, lucid, compelling without the ostentation of the professional logic of the schools from which Marx was by no means free, stripped of the romantic rhetoric which had obfuscated bourgeois radicalism, a perfectly functioning means to an end.

Today the culture of Communism is a great intellectual force. Much of the Communist journalism and propaganda as we get it in the United States does not fairly represent it. This latter

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

metaphysical commentary on current political events, or to a hollow routine sensationalism. I believe that the Communists suffer here in catching their tone from Russia. The Communist and The Daily Worker remind me of the wireless dispatches signed Chicherin which used to pour into the intelligence service at American G.H.Q. after the Armistice and which made such a startling contrast to the terse military bulletins of other countries. They were an eerie interminable persistent voice diffusing thin abstractions and vague oratorical phrases: they did not really supply information as to the situation on the Russian fronts (not that the dispatches from other countries were superior in this respect), they did not precisely convince as to the strength and confident hopes of the Soviets: they merely made people feel uncomfortable. There was something in them of old intellectual Russia spinning theories and boasts over its tea.

But there was something else behind them, something even more unfamiliar; and it was that that made people uneasy. It was something not Russian, not national—a breaking out of the mind from the limits of nation and class such as had never occurred before.

The immense intellectual achievement of Communism has been to shift the base of political thought to a point outside the radii of social groups. To accomplish this required the strongest determination and the most rigorous discipline. It required a constant effort of checking up on one's ideas and on the language in which one expressed them to keep them clear of the gases and fogs surrounding the spheres of such groups, inside which hitherto such thought had always moved and back into which it was always in danger of being attracted. It required in talking to other people, whether they were friendly or hostile, the constant translation of what they were saying into the terms of the Marxist ideology. "If I answer your question as you ask it or talk to you in the language you understand, I shall grant you your assumptions," says the Marxist, "and we can have no understanding at all until you have granted mine. The educated bourgeois must learn this technique as well as the proletarian: only so can both save themselves from the barbarous prejudices and fears, the scruples and inhibitions, which confuse and obstruct their thinking."

Society is thus studied for the first time from a point of view genuinely scientific; and though its findings can be grasped by school children growing up in a communist state as easily as the rudiments of mathematics, for people who had had their training in the schools of the old society and who had to live in a world where it was dominant, the discipline and effort involved demanded the highest qualities of character and intellect.

The mind of Lenin was one of the sharpest lenses through which human thought has ever looked; and the rays which it concentrated are now penetrating bourgeois culture as the latter grows

We in America may seem in some respects peculiarly unfit to be fertilized by them: we are certainly imbued with bourgeois ideas. But then we have as perhaps no other people have a culture which is revolutionary in the sense that it is ready to try anything and democratic in the sense that it is ready to speak any language and has already in many important instances left the bourgeois schooling behind altogether for the vernacular of ordinary life, which gives nobody prestige and which nobody has an interest in teaching. In this way our very looseness and lack of standards may make us more readily adaptable to the purposes of a revolutionary literature than a race like the French, for example, whose culture is so systematized and organized, so much a great vested interest, that it tends to absorb back and regiment all its heretics and innovators. It is perhaps even harder for a Frenchman at this stage to shed the point of view of his class: see the despair of a French Marxist critic such as Emmanuel Berl, who complains that you can't use the language of Renan to deal with the problems of the working-class, that when a writer in France tries to hand over the bourgeois weapons to the people, it is the bourgeois who triumphs over the writer in imposing his style upon him, not the writer who robs the bourgeois.

But who knows what a new hope and purpose might not do for our American culture? We are the children of discovery and adventure and of resourceful improvisation to meet the necessities of new tasks. And as definitely and fatally as Ulysses in the legend, when he sailed through the Pillars of Hercules, left the little ancient world behind, Communism, through straits as dangerous, has for the first time brought humanity out into the great world of creative thought and work.

EDMUND WILSON.

Washington Notes

Taxes and Salary Cuts—Omnibus Economy—Chills and Fevers in the White House—Prohibition Again

AT THIS moment the situation in Congress is such that no human being can foresee what will be the ultimate disposition of either of the two major proposals with which our statesmen have at this session been compelled to grapple: to wit, tax increases higher than ever before levied—except during the War—and retrenchment in government expenses more drastic than has heretofore been thought possible. No wonder the legislators, the executives and the side-line politicians look hunted and haggard, are saturated with gloom and steeped in disgust. If there is one thing more politically unpopular than raising taxes, it is cutting down expenditures—particularly pruning salaries. So pronounced is the distaste for both propositions, and yet so inescapable the necessity, that a good many people in public office here seem to have lost their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where they are going. The President does not know what either of these two jobs will look like when and if they are finally done; the leaders do not know; the followers have no idea; and even the corps of Washington correspondents is in doubt.

Take, for example, the omnibus economy bill eventually produced by the special House Economy Committee after weeks of hard labor and days of White House conferences with Mr. Hoover. At this moment, with the bill out on the floor, there seems a fair prospect of its complete emasculation. It may be that the bulk of the savings proposed will get through intact, but the savage manner of the assault indicates that there may be little left of the measure and that the Committee may be compelled to do the job all over again. In part, the fight was presaged by dissension in the Committee itself, one element of which was violently opposed to Hoover's idea of putting every economy in a single bill. Instead, they wanted it done in separate bills, and it may still come to that.

To some extent the Democrats have been narrowly partisan in this business. Deliberately they jammed things into the bill with the idea of making Mr. Hoover swallow a very bitter dose of bad medicine or take the awful responsibility of vetoing the whole economy business. In part, however, I think that Mr. Hoover himself is to blame for the lack of coöperation from the Democratic side and the hostility with which his suggestions have been received. I do not excuse it, because it seems to me it would have been good party, as well as good public, policy for the Democratic leaders to have thrown aside both partisan and personal feeling in this matter. Nevertheless, their reaction is understandable and human.

As an instance of what I mean, take those White House conferences. When the Committee, which of course is dominated by the Democrats, wrote their letter requesting a meeting, I think there is no doubt that they had a bona-fide desire to get together with the President and go along. That first meeting really gave him an opportunity. When they came into his office, if he had greeted them with some degree of cordiality and had spoken with some degree of sympathy for their predicament, there might have been an entirely different flavor to the whole struggle. He could have said some such thing as: "Well, gentlemen, this is a difficult and painful job. I want to help all I can. I know the risks you run and want to minimize them as much as possible. So far as the credit for this business is concerned, you can have it. All I want is to have the economies made in the most effective way. I know that is your idea too, that you are as willing as I am to forget politics and do this job the way men of sense and public spirit should. Let's work together." I repeat that if Mr. Hoover had said some such thing, there would today be far less trouble and much more coöperation in Congress than there is now.

But that sort of thing just does not seem to be in him. I am reliably informed that when the Committee went into his presence he said, "Good evening," but did not offer to shake hands. After they were seated he opened the conversation by saying, "Well, gentlemen, may I have your program?" It chilled them—and I think naturally at the start. As a result, there was about the conference no atmosphere of friendliness or good feeling. On the contrary, there seemed to be suspicion on both sides. Certain Democratic members exhibited a tendency to be truculent, and at least one of the conferences almost broke up with everybody hot under the collar.

It is an unfortunate thing for him and for the situation that Mr. Hoover has so little ability to meet his political opponents in a way to win their personal sympathy and support. A Roosevelt, a Taft or a Wilson would have completely won that House group in such a conference under such conditions. All it required was a little tact, a little charm and a little warmth of manner. He can't, of course, help it. He probably wanted very much to win them, but it just is not in him. Of course, there is no excuse for Democratic Congressmen opposing Hoover proposals which they believe sound merely because they were miffed at his manner—but then Democratic Congressmen are Democratic Congressmen, and they never liked him personally anyhow.

On the tax bill there is brewing what promises to be a battle of major proportions in the Senate. There unquestionably will be an effort on the floor to restore the sales-tax feature, but the outlook for that is not what could be called good. However, some of the Democratic leaders have again been impressed by New York representatives of the "business interests" with the utter inadequacy of the present bill to raise even approximately enough money to justify a "We balanced the budget" slogan in the campaign. The estimates of the Honorable Mr. Mills, whose recent speeches show more vigor and force than those of anyone who has been in the Cabinet since Mr. Hughes left, are denounced as wholly untrustworthy and misleading. It is declared that the increases in income-tax rates will not bring the answer and that the general sales tax is the only possible way. My information is that the effort will be made by the Democratic Senate leaders, supported by the Moses-Reed-Bingham group on the Republican side. Most of the administration Senators, such as Walcott, will go along, but I shall be greatly surprised if Jim Watson does. Also, I shall be surprised if the movement comes anywhere near success. The progressives to a man are opposed, and it is likely that there will be enough defections from the two major parties to make a hostile majority. At least that is the way it looks at this stage. All that one really can say about this tax-bill situation is that there is no way of knowing in what form it will be when it finally emerges from the Conference Committee—and that time is still a long way off.

The conviction has deepened during the past week that a final adjournment in June before the conventions is not possible; indeed, there are certain Senators who have no wish to adjourn. With hardly five weeks to go before the Republican convention opens, I am beginning to feel that a recess is more than probable.

On the political side there are only two developments of any real interest. One is the rush of Republican leaders, Dry and Wet, to get in under the referendum shelter on the prohibition issue. Nearly everybody is for it now. Both [illegible]

LICENSED TO UNT.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be that the question will not bulk nearly so large in the campaign as has been assumed. The other development is the setback to Roosevelt's candidacy which was occasioned by his complete defeat in Massachusetts and the not complete victory in Pennsylvania. Roosevelt's lead is not affected, but the fight against him has stiffened, and a good many who, a week ago, were prepared to concede his nomination, have had their doubts restored by the obvious fact that he seems weakest in the states where he should be strong. To some extent, I am afflicted with this doubt myself. It just goes to show the folly and futility of political prophecy.

Washington. T. R. B.

Another Language

Another Language, by Rose Franken. Booth Theatre, April 25, 1932.

AT THE end of the season, just as we all sit down to await the theatre birds of another year, a good, jolly, moving and delicate play has alighted at the Booth. It could have been heavy and half-false, full of jargon and psychoanalytical tags, which it is not; or it could have rested on the ground with that simple prose homeliness that has many times proved successful in our theatres, but which I at least have not the good fortune to enjoy. "A nice little play," which is what we heard so often about such pieces—"Saturday's Children," for example, and most of all such a success as "The First Year"—a nice little play, simple of course but true to life, is not enough. There are too many alternatives for that, too many contentments, agitations, nuggets or forms of ease possible to an evening; even one of conversation has now loomed on the horizon, for, thanks to the depression, perhaps, there are more people driven to mere inexpensive enjoyment of talk.

Only at intervals did these plays hit anything so exactly true to life as to rise to significance or wit. So much of their progress was only along the footlights that you had to think of either poetry in drama or prancing feet and music as contrast and relief. There is something exhausting, too, in the unending sight of uninteresting people acting natural for two hours, natural to themselves, that is; if acting comes to that, the subway or the zoo have more variety and bite. The pleasures of art or of Peeping Tom are one thing; you may find there what is beautiful or at least recreated into another medium or what is, as Lady Caroline said of Byron when she saw him first, mad, bad and dangerous to know. But an open stage full of stale, safe and stage mediocrity, though it supplies a kind of pap for some, is not for others enough to chew on. The memory of these simple occasions, so securely profitable, seems to me even more tedious than they themselves were at the time. They had and have their uses, nevertheless, slowly, slowly building up native drama—which may be true or may be only another way of saying that you hate to be bored when so many people appear not to be. What if for Americans the first lesson of these depressed times should be to find out what bores you? It would amount almost to having choice, resource or defiance of uniformity.

family and two of its apostates. The mother and her brave sons and their worn-down wives—it is one of these families where you know who pays the rent—meet every Tuesday at Grandma's, eat her refreshments, for she knows what her boys like, and play a hand at cards. Victor, among the sons, has a wife, Stella, that they will not accept because of her hopes of some survival of her own; she has no children and tries to hold on to life for herself, as she sees the romance of her marriage fade after seven years and her husband settling into the Hallam matrix. One of the brothers has a son, Jerry, who breaks so far out as to want to be an architect, but his father pushes him into a business office. To the Tuesday at which Stella, after a holiday resented by the other wives of Hallams, is in attendance, Jerry comes; it is about the second time he has seen his Aunt Stella, and we know at once that they speak a different language from the rest. This first scene is all characters and family drabness, with the variety of wives that we might expect of a variety of sons, with the gentle, mild father and the shining ideal of motherhood that beats everybody's game. Only tragic effort or great callousness can cope with such devotion, gray hairs and power to get sick at private crises. The scene ends with Stella's invitation to them all for the next Tuesday, which shall be at her house, and with our assurance of a tie between the young boy and his incompletely Hallam aunt.

In the second act the state of things between Stella and her husband appears, gently and clearly done. We see his decline into the familiar and mechanical in marriage, spotted by conjugal passion, and her sculpture, art school and growing despair. Jerry comes, and while Victor is shaving for the party, the young man's feeling for Stella appears. The family arrive, all but Jerry's parents, who have the excuse of a sister-in-law's sudden illness. The mother recovers from the one flight of stairs, which for a week now she has intended to be exhausted by; "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" is put on, everyone is persuaded to try a dance, and finally Stella is obliged to dance with Jerry, as representing the younger world, and Grandma insists that he must kiss her. The teasing leads to a climax of rage from Jerry, an insulted family of Hallams, and Victor's going home to sleep at his mother's. Jerry, having come back to apologize, is left to be talked straight by his Aunt Stella. For the moment in her mind and pity Jerry becomes what Victor was once. He ends by leaving at three o'clock and walking the streets for the rest of the night. In the last act Grandma has been ill on reaching home. Besides Victor, another son is there, his wife making the breakfast; Jerry's parents come, anxious over his disappearance. Stella comes to apologize to the old lady; she is leaving Victor till her thoughts grow clearer, or for good, who knows? He tries authority and passion to no avail. Jerry comes to relieve his mother's anxiety; we have threats and exclamations; it all ends by Jerry's getting his chance to go abroad to study architecture, and Victor's deserting the Hallams in defense of his wife.

It is worth while giving the story in such detail in order to show what matter the play includes. I said it might have been heavy and falsely modern or psychoanalytical. It is clear that it might have been one long jumble of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What happens, as the play now stands, is that it is both more truly art and more truly American. The breeze and jollity in the conveyance of the playwright's material and themes are more American than the treatment of serious themes by most of our dramatists, who nearly always are merely pulling a long face, like children being solemn at a funeral, and who present a result that is only crafty or adolescent or hollow and hard. It is more dramatic because, instead of explanations and tags and a farrago of ticketed motivations, the playwright has discovered actions and turns that convey the point in a form that is expressive and that we can respond to as we do to what is alive. I have not seen for a long time a motive more expressive and more touching than the dance between those two young people and the reactions that follow it among all the characters on the stage. Everything the play has to say, in fact, is said in terms of itself, which amounts to saying that it is complete. So far as it goes, it is complete dramatically.

To Mr. Beckhard's credit, as both producer and director, it must be said that the casting was remarkably apt without being obvious, and that oftener than usual we got from the cast the sense of acting as well as merely being the type. You can see how hard the company worked together by the close fitting of the cues. The skill and intelligence with which they were directed you can see by the bright pleasure and rapport with which they throw the whole performance together for the evening's sake.

Thanks to this bounce, freedom and breeze and to the sincerity of feeling in the right place, where feeling was demanded, there is no bad acting in the play. Mr. John Beal as Jerry, the young boy, with his thwarting and his clear emotional force, gives a performance that is curiously whole and moving, and that is untouched with that game of being so young and so pathetic that many of our young actors in such roles play up for all it is worth, though most of them end by being not half so pathetic as puppies wanting to follow you out of the gate. Of the other performances, Miss Margaret Hamilton's as Helen, the most submerged but surviving of the daughters-in-law, was capital. The two suggestions that I should make to the company players is that Miss Wycherly, whose portrayal of the mother makes the right center for the play to turn on, should put now and then into her performance a hint that she understands the mother's absurd side; it is not quite enough that she give us the truth about this character she plays, she must let us know a little more clearly how she herself, as so intelligent an actor, sees this truth in relation to the play's situation. The other suggestion is that Miss Dorothy Stickney take lessons in diction; her English may do properly enough for Stella Hallam, but even at that is hampered with false vowels and twists of the language that only get in her way and ours. Otherwise her performance is excellent, and continues the tradition of her without hurting those unforgettable creations that she achieved as the cracked scrubwoman, the only person in "Chicago" who ever mentioned God except as an oath, and as the poetess in "Philip Goes Forth," which carried the play a long shot farther than its own powers foresaw. Mr. Glenn Anders as Victor, the critical point of the Hallam family malady, seemed to me from start to finish to be presenting what was needed, not only the character but the full comment on the character in all its directions—a very solid performance.

Technically there are two things to be noted. A good deal of the dialogue was free to be *ad lib*. This seems to me a good thing in such a comedy; it gives rein and spirits to the players themselves and allows for spontaneous life in the production and in the course of the play's run. In a way it makes of the whole occasion more of a unit by bringing the actors into the playwright's realm and him into their energy and confidence.

In the theatre there was a dim growl of complaining because you could not hear a good many of the speeches. The case varied according to your seat; and it was clear that the scene cared very little whether you heard some of it or not. This is a good principle: in a realistic play it helps toward atmosphere and toward economy, since, in the abundance of the moment, so much of our animal kingdom is a mere wagging of the tail. Technically, however, Mr. Beckhard should go over the early moments of the play with the idea of making clear to the audience that it is not called on or expected to hear every word. This would only be doing that necessary thing in art: showing what is your intention. It would take half an hour's rehearsing, and would relieve the uncertainty that is now at the expense of the play, and stop the leaning forward and resentful ears.

STARK YOUNG.

Bankers and Brokers

POLITICAL reactionaries have traditionally found their last refuge in the fight against reform in the dogma that human nature is unchangeable. Professional students of human nature have long recognized that this argument was the bunk, and recent laboratory events in Wall Street have demonstrated that human nature is a highly dynamic conception, rather than a static one.

For example, human nature in banking has proved a balky horse. It has been led to the fountain of credit by an eager Federal Reserve System, but has refused to drink. Instead of responding automatically to the quantity-theory-of-money tenets, bankers have shown unmistakably that they react differently to cheap-money stimulants when they are scared and when they are optimistic.

In a comparatively timid way, the Federal Reserve in 1931 went as far as it dared under the unamended banking law in the direction of arresting the insanely rapid decline in bank credit by pumping additional funds into the market through the open-market route of buying government bonds. But, instead of responding in accordance with the assumption that bankers as profit makers would immediately put the credit thus released into income-producing loans and investments, the bankers remained adamant, and funds released piled up in unprofitable excess reserves. Dominated by fears, private bankers preferred abnormal liquidity and the assurance of solvency through the financial storm, to an opportunity to earn profits for their stockholders. Under exceptional conditions, the profit motive broke down. And in the mad race for extraordinary liquidity, the commercial bankers were in effect, as Sir

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Josiah Stamp wisely pointed out, withdrawing from business.

Under the enlarged powers of the new Glass-Steagall Act, which has changed the rules for issuance of Federal Reserve notes, the Federal Reserve System has renewed with redoubled aggressiveness its campaign to stop member banks from continuing their destructive deflation. Doubtless, a motive for the present drive is to give some stimulus to stagnant business before election time. Obviously, the Federal Reserve authorities are also seeking inflation, reflation or counter-deflation in the most sedate form as an alternative to the political threat in Congress of rugged inflation by printing $2,400,000,000 in greenbacks to anticipate soldiers' bonus certificates.

Thus far, however, the vast amount of potential new credit which the central banking system has released has not only not been passed along by member banks to business men and farmers, but while the campaign has been under way, the alarmingly rapid decrease in member bank loans and investments has continued.

This contradictory set of facts is virtually inexplicable to those who look upon human nature as a constant, instead of a variable. But, as a matter of fact, the timid, frightened bankers, deficient in courage and constructive imagination, have welcomed the outflow of funds as an opportunity to get out of debt at the Federal Reserve. Accordingly, the net effect of the relief campaign, which hasn't relieved, has been merely to substitute open-market funds, released by the Federal Reserve, for rediscounts. But this process cannot continue indefinitely. As a matter of fact, if the Federal Reserve continues open-market purchases of government bonds at the recent maximum rate, the member banks will have their rediscounts down to an irreducible minimum in a month, and then the easing program may begin to tell. After that, member banks will have to choose between piling up unprofitable reserves, on the one hand, and making loans and investments, returning to business, on the other. The latest weekly bank statistics give the first evidence of member-bank response to the Federal Reserve open-market policy.

The bursting of the Kreuger and Toll bubble strikes a blow at high-hat investment banking, in which field Lee, Higginson and Company, American agents of the Kreuger interests, stood preëminent. This firm, which originated in Boston, had the reputation of engaging only socially correct employees. It had a marked preference for Harvard University and Groton School graduates. It preferred a staff that amounted to something socially. Such inbreeding perhaps failed to promote the highest standard of efficiency. It seems to this observer that one or two New York City College boys might have been useful in implanting the scientific doctrine of verification. In such happier circumstances, the banking house would have been spared the humiliating procedure which it recently followed of sending out a circular letter disclosing that the information given to the firm by Mr. Kreuger did not correspond with the accounting data revealed in Sweden by certified public accountants. Even our best people ought to realize that investment banking entails a trusteeship which cannot be discharged by accepting the unsupported statements of one individual,

Incidentally, a long period of falling prices constitutes an unhealthy background for financial wizards, who flourish during periods of rising prices. Exhibit A, Ivar Kreuger. Domestic exhibits might include Cyrus Eaton, the Van Sweringens and sundry others too numerous to mention.

Have insiders lost faith and become outsiders? Recent corporate reports of stockholders' lists indicate that directors have in many instances sold out. For example, the directors of the United States Steel Corporation, who include J. Pierpont Morgan, Junius Morgan, Thomas W. Lamont, Myron C. Taylor, Walter S. Gifford and William A. Irvin, held in their names recently less than one-half of one percent of the corporation's capital. Likewise, the inside clique of directors in Electric Bond and Share held .0016 percent of the aggregate capitalization. Unless they are concealing their ownership, it follows that the consequences of whatever further blunders they may make will fall on other shoulders than their own. . . . Meanwhile the number of stockholders on the lists of great corporations is increasing. What a cosmic jest it would be if these small, investment-minded outsiders should prove wiser than the big, speculatively minded insider! As a matter of fact, studies by the New York Stock Exchange of the floating supply of United States Steel stock indicate that when the speculator class swaps stock with the investor class, the latter usually outwits the former. But even if this fortunate outcome may eventuate, it would not answer the ethical question whether it is proper for insiders to desert the ship in a storm.

In the bear hunt at Washington, Percy A. Rockefeller scarcely heightened the reputation of his illustrious family. The chief practical significance in his testimony was that he had switched from the bear to the bull side. It remains to be seen how his tip will compare with that given in November, 1929, by his famous uncle and cousin, who announced that they were buying stocks. It is true that the market soon began to rally very sharply from the panic levels, but the upturn proved short lived, and those who did not get out found that the prices which the Rockefellers paid were high indeed compared with prevailing quotations.

Taken at his own face value, Percy Rockefeller is scarcely a symbol of socially responsible wealth. At best, he comes within the statutory law and the economic law. He is certainly not so valuable a member of society as his uncle, who built up an industry and who later devoted a large fraction of the resultant profits to setting up socially useful foundations. This Rockefeller, on the other hand, who skirts the edges as a habitual pool manipulator, is at best interested in his own aggrandizement. Even though short selling may be economically sound, this leader has done little in the way of patriotic service for his country at a critical time when eight to twelve million men and women are unemployed and half as many again are condemned to part-time employment.

The country is now entering the reverse phase of the stock split-up mania. Instead of continuing the boom-time

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

practice of giving the equivalent of five nickels for a quarter, and deceiving the ignorant public with false tokens of great prosperity, numerous companies are reducing capitalization by doing what amounts to exchanging five nickels for a quarter. Thus, they move to make the financial clothing of big business fit actualities. But the corrective step comes after the damage has been done. Such stock-reduction plans would have been vastly more useful in 1929 as a warning to those who had been misled by fairy-land finance. But even this change of capitalization is no cure-all for the tendency of stocks to decline. In one instance, the old stock was selling for 2. The company exchanged four shares of old for one share of new, making the new stock worth 8. The stock at 8 quickly invited short selling, and an ignorant trading public, conscious of price but not of value, quickly brought the new stock down to 2.

M. P. J.

A COMMUNICATION

Edmund Wilson and the American Mind

SIR: Mr. Edmund Wilson has more eyes than most of his contemporaries, but, just because of that fact, he seems also to have many blind spots. Some of those blind spots are painfully apparent in his article, "Brokers and Pioneers," in your issue of March 23. For example, he complains that "our artists and thinkers have tended to conform to one or the other of two imperfect types"—the conformist and the nonconformist. He illustrates these types at some length. He is not able to depict the more perfect type so adequately; but he identifies this type, verbalistically, in his last sentence, as an "engineer of ideas," who is to be "as drastic as our practical ones" have been. He seems to think America incapable of producing such an "engineer": we've had nobody on American soil as competent in the fields of criticism as three Europeans whom he names, Marx, Flaubert and Shaw. He dismisses the academicians and the "scholastic philosophers" with bored gestures, and he leaves the American scene strewn with desolation—like most of our other "critics"!

He does have something to say about the direction from which this more competent critic must come. He says: "The mind must first remake the mind, tearing down old structures of thought. . . . The mind must attack its own assumptions, relay its own foundations." Here, Mr. Wilson, just because he dismisses all philosophy as "scholastic," reveals to us the first of his blind spots: He seems to assume that "mind remaking mind" and "tearing down old structures of thought" are a single process, an identical act. But this assumption—if he makes it—is fallacious. If he were a bit more adequately acquainted with that logic which he seems to discount, he would be able to see that "tearing down old structures of thought" is no more to be identified with "mind remaking mind" than is tearing down old buildings to be identified with making a new set of tools for building purposes. Old structures of thought have been frequently torn down—as old buildings have been: but the tools of the mind, or the mind as tool, has not been so frequently made over—if ever at all, since Aristotle.

As matter of fact what Mr. Wilson is asking for by im- plication, when he talks about "mind remaking mind," is not merely new tools, but utterly new kinds of tools—a new sense of tools, a new kind of instrumentation of the world. For this reason, whether he likes it or not, he must seek for help beyond the limits of his economists, novelists, poets and literary critics. The bravest of these have done notable work—in undermining the old structures of thought; but, quite generally, the new structures they have raised, or praised, show the marks of the same kinds of tools as were used in earlier times. Before a realistically new world can be made, mind must be remade—as he well says: but that brief statement means a great deal more than that "mind must attack its old assumptions." And until he—the world with him—finds out what that more is, we shall continue to build the same old types of buildings—so wearisomely—on grounds that we so enthusiastically cleared of old structures—hoping for something new.

The second blind spot Mr. Wilson exhibits is shown by his implicit assertion that none of this "drastic engineering of ideas" for which he asks has been accomplished, as yet; and, as a corollary of this, that philosophy has nothing to offer a weary world. Well, "scholastic philosophy," perhaps, is pretty hopeless in the face of modern problems, save as it calls attention, now and again, to fallacies and blunders, *post eventum*. But Mr. Wilson cannot quite dismiss all philosophy by using the question-begging epithet "scholastic," any more than Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler can dismiss all modern philosophy by calling it "pseudo." It seems likely that Mr. Wilson has fallen into the same confusion of mind that marked so much of the allegedly critical work of Brooks, Frank and Mumford, in those unhappy years when they were trying to pin responsibility for all the evils of modern industrialism on the shoulders of William James and John Dewey, on the ground of their alleged "pragmatic acquiescence" in the practicality of the modern world. Perhaps I should not recall those painful experiences; but there seems no other way of setting forth the problem raised by Mr. Wilson.

It ought to be apparent that crucial change—that is, change which involves the actual remaking of mind—will never come in words of one syllable; or be brought to pass by one-syllable minds—or be understood by men who can't read anything stronger than a novel. These things have to be said in order to clear the way for some definitely unpleasant facts: to wit, that much of this work of "mind remaking mind" has actually been accomplished in the last half-century; that most of this work has been done right here in America, where the need and opportunity have been greatest; and that the accounts of these achievements can be found in several considerable volumes, which are easily available to readers in any good library.

Moreover, it must be said that "mind remaking mind" cannot be done, once and for all, by one man. One man can show how it is to be done; but the mind of each of us will have to be remade, mostly by the individual himself, until that happier day comes when our schools shall have discovered that the medieval type of mind which is still so highly prized in academic circles is not adequate to the responsibilities, or even the opportunities, of these modern years, and shall undertake to learn how to help develop minds that will not have to be remade. I do not claim that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of logic and pedagogy has been accomplished; but I do claim that anyone who moans that no work has been done in either of these fields is merely betraying his own ignorance of the history of American thought in the last half-century.

This revolutionary work was begun, more or less inadvertently, by one of Mr. Wilson's heroic figures, Mr. Charles Peirce, more than fifty years ago. But when Mr. William James took over the Peirce formula and began to show how revolutionary it was destined to become, Mr. Peirce took sharp alarm, denied that he had ever intended it to mean any such vulgar thing and retreated from the great task. Mr. James did not turn back—but carried the revolutionary struggle as far as his New England background would permit him to go. It seems strange now that Mr. Wilson, asking for help in the task of "mind remaking mind," should praise Peirce and should dismiss James with a gesture of disdain.

Mr. Wilson does not even mention Dewey. Probably he thinks, with Brooks, Frank, Mumford, *et al.*, that both James and Dewey are too "practical." That's a good word—a good question-begging epithet. It saves brain-fag. But I should like to suggest to Mr. Wilson that he can scarcely expect to have the argument both ways from the middle: he can't throw overboard the theoretical conformist and nonconformist alike, and plead for the drastically practical engineer of ideas, and then ignore men like James and Dewey on the ground that they are "merely practical." If he wants theorists, let him stick to theorists; but if he wants practical engineers, let him recognize them when they appear!

After all, what is all this hullaballoo about the "merely practical" character of "practicality"? Mr. Wilson tells us that he, with many others of his generation, had to give up all hope of salvation by means of "scholastic philosophy." Why? Was it because scholastic philosophy was "too practical"? It seems not quite likely. More probably, because it was not practical enough: in short, it would not work! And, after all, this is the one valid test of hypotheses that the world has ever discovered. Even Frank and Mumford, having disposed of James and Dewey with a sort of public funeral at the front door, as they thought, always succeeded in dragging in the "workability" of their own doctrines by the back door before they got through with the funeral. Mr. Wilson knows this as well as anyone; but his own mind has not yet been remade to the extent that he can always be sure that his criticisms will not eat their own words before he gets through.

Here is one task that lies before the American critic today: In a series of studies, beginning with the "Outline of Ethics," in 1891, and continuing for thirty-eight years, by way of "Essays in Experimental Logic," to "Experience and Nature" and "The Quest for Certainty" (to name but a few), John Dewey has carried through the most comprehensive analysis of mind—in its active and passive, receptive and reflective aspects—ever attempted, at least on this continent. Herein the main outlines of mind remaking mind have been established, and many of the more puzzling details of the ultimate process have been delineated. All this is, of course, in general: no one's mind is being remade, specifically, just because John Dewey wrote some books. But, why anyone who has never mastered these materials, or is ignorant of their very existence, should claim to be a critic of American life and mind is one of those mysterious questions. The critic must know what has been done.

Critic, criticize thyself! The philosophers are like the novelists, poets and critics: about one in a thousand of them has anything significant to say. Your gestures of weariness are too inclusive: you erase yourself! There have been a few critics worth reading—and two or three philosophers, perhaps. But these are so inescapably worth reading that not to have read them is to confess sad gaps in your critical preparation. Especially, not to have read John Dewey's analysis of the American mind, and its present remaking, is to confess yourself unprepared to do fundamental work in realistic criticism of the American set-up, at least of that part of the set-up which may be called "the American mind."

JOSEPH K. HART.

Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Birth Control Bill

SIR: Margaret Sanger will need all the help she can get during the next few weeks, now that her birth-control bill (S.4436) has been introduced into the Senate by Senator Henry D. Hatfield of West Virginia, and her bill (H.R.11082) has been introduced into the House by Congressman Frank W. Hancock of North Carolina.

If a good fight is made, there is a chance of obtaining legislation this session.

The Senate bill proposes the amendment of section 305 (a) of the Tariff Act of 1930, and sections 211, 245 and 312 of the Criminal Code, as amended, by adding the following paragraph to each section:

> The provisions of the section shall not be construed to apply to any book or information relating to the prevention of conception, or article, instrument, substance, drug, medicine or thing designed, adapted or intended for the prevention of conception, for use
>
> (1) by any physician legally licensed to practise medicine in any state, territory or the District of Columbia, or by his direction or prescription;
>
> (2) by any medical college legally chartered under the laws of any state, territory or the District of Columbia:
>
> (3) by any druggist in his legitimate prescription business; or
>
> (4) by any hospital or clinic licensed in any state, territory or the District of Columbia.

The bill before the House is similar.

Now is the time for those who desire this legislation to write to Senator George W. Norris, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and Congressman Charles R. Crisp, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, urging them to report the bills out favorably and to work to have them passed.

MRS. ETHEL CLYDE, Chairman,
New York City. American Birth Control League.

Pineville: The Miner's Paradise

SIR: While Bell County, Kentucky, does not expect anything from The New Republic, or from Moscow, I am still writing this letter with the forlorn hope that it may receive space in your magazine.

In your issue of April 20, you say editorially in a left-handed way that there is a strike or labor trouble of some sort in Bell County and southeastern Kentucky. That is not true. There is no labor trouble of any sort here and there has been none that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been. The trouble here has not been with labor; the trouble has been with the coal market, and the same trouble has existed all over the country. I am surprised that you New Yorkers should continue to have a strike in progress here where none is going on.

In the same issue is an article headed "Students in Kentucky," by Joseph P. Lash, which is so full of misstatements as to be ludicrous to one who knows the facts. If those students only had mind enough to know facts when they see them they would get together at Columbia and instead of striking to force back into school activities another addle-pate like themselves, adopt a resolution of thanks to the officers and citizens of Bell County for setting them safely home again. There are places in Kentucky where they would not be so well treated, and the miners whom they came to investigate and alleviate do not feel so kindly toward them as they love to imagine. Furthermore, without bragging, these miners and other citizens otherwhere's in Kentucky lack the level-headed judgment to be found in Bell County, and these youngsters can thank their luck, that they fell into the hands that received them. Under other circumstances and conditions they would have been welcome, but when they come at a critical time, prating of constitutional rights and heralded by the Communist party, they are person non grata.

And then your issue of April 20 carries a letter from one Anna Rochester, entitled "Dreiser Was Right," and telling that I was wrong. I still say that Dreiser did not know what he was talking about, as everyone here knows. The Morgans and the Fords have no coal interests in Harlan County. The Mellons own the Melcroft Coal Company at Coxton, and at that mine no man has ever struck or complained of wages or living conditions. Insull owns some stock in the Black Mountain Corporation at Kenvir.

The condition of the coal industry in southeastern Kentucky is deplorable; there is no doubt about that, and what we are looking and hoping for is some Moses who can lead it to the promised land. However, such an one cannot be found in novelists, critics, socialists, communists or school children. Theories will not work; the relief must be practical and come from practical-minded men and women, and any person who has a constructive suggestion or program and who is not obsessed with the idea that constitutional guarantees are being discarded here, and who is not saturated with communism or its half-brother socialism is welcome in Pineville, but we do not want, will not welcome and will not have in our midst any more Dreisers, Franks, Vorses, or any of their kind.

CLEON K. CALVERT.

Pineville, Ky.

SIR: Is it possible that Mr. Calvert has never heard of the Morgan domination of the United States Steel Corporation? Or is he unaware of the fact that U.S. Steel owns the United States Coal and Coke Company, which operates a large mine (and a company town) at Lynch in Harlan County? Next door to Lynch is the mine of Wisconsin Steel Company, a subsidiary of International Harvester Company, in which the Morgan firm is strongly represented. If this is not enough to convince Mr. Calvert of the presence of Morgan interests, one can also mention the Kentucky King mine of Utilities Coal Corporation. This is a subsidiary of Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, which is an important part of the Morgan-Bonbright utility domain.

Mr. Calvert now himself admits that the Mellon family have interests in Harlan County. He refers to the Melcroft Coal Company, but according to the latest financial manuals, the mine at Coxton has been transferred to the Elkhorn Piney Coal Mining Company, which is also part of the huge Mellon-controlled Koppers system.

Mr. Calvert admits that "Insull owns some stock in the Black Mountain Corporation." Insull also has dominated the Peabody Coal Company, and Peabody Coal Company dominates the Black Mountain Corporation.

As I pointed out in my previous letter, Ford was also operating in Harlan County until his mine on Wallins Creek was closed down about a year and a half ago. Ford's Kentucky coal properties are still operating over the mountain in Pike County.

ANNA ROCHESTER.

New York City.

The Lost Leader

SIR: Comment on Governor Roosevelt's radio speech strangely ignores its constructive, most important part, the call for tariff change downward. This was not only a positive proposal for aiding "the forgotten man," the consumer and the farmer, for "beginning at the bottom," but it should be seen also as an augury of hope in international relations generally. As between League entrance and tariff reform, I count the latter a bolder and more useful action.

I voted for Alfred Smith in 1928, on his New York State record, although disturbed and puzzled by his backsliding on the tariff. I am puzzled no longer. He reneged then on the tariff; in the interval since the election he has reneged on power control, asserting that it doesn't interest the public (although consumers are paying one million dollars a day more than they should). His outburst in Washington finally ranges him definitely on the side of the unhampered and uncriticized direction in the interest of high finance, quite in the Republican manner. The question of his personal motives in the implied attack on Governor Roosevelt is irrelevant; the important point being that he has now, in his cry of demagoguery—the age-old cry against claim for the interest of the common man—completely broken away from the meaning of the Democratic party, the party of the common people. Alfred E. Smith is now "a lost leader." His place is in the Republican party.

Mr. Smith's phrase, "the disposition to gloss over controversial questions," is hailed in certain quarters as another fling at Governor Roosevelt. Is it not clear, however, that if Roosevelt had for one moment weakened in his clear-cut position on power control (the whole question being linked up, as Professor William Z. Ripley lately pointed out, with the unregulated activities of the holding company generally), he would have been acclaimed everywhere by those groups to whom Mr. Smith is appealing? There would be no need to "stop Roosevelt" then. He is forthright on the tariff; forthright (even though conservative) on power. And he has found plenty of positive constructive leads for agriculture in his own state. If this be demagoguery, Democrats should make the most of it!

ETHEL PUFFER HOWES.

Scarsdale, N. Y.

The Children's Bureau

SIR: The passing of Julia C. Lathrop, first chief of the United States Children's Bureau, is a loss not only to the many friends associated with her during the twenty years the Bureau has been established, but also a loss to the country as well. The quality of her public service was recognized by every President in the White House from the day President Taft signed the bill making the Bureau a fact. . . .

The Bureau has often been charged with prejudice against industrial exploitation of children. It has never denied this charge. Among its first investigations was a study of child labor and its social effects. This could not be done without hurting the feelings of certain people, as all those engaged in child-labor reform are aware. The Bureau has sponsored coöperation in maternal and child hygiene; it issues monthly statistics of relief to families and transients; it has just been asked by the Attorney General to help develop plans for juvenile offenders who violate federal laws, and in general it has made the country conscious that being a child is a hazardous occupation requiring the best service the community can render.

Various efforts have been made to cripple the Bureau by reducing its appropriation, similar to the proposed cut of $100,000 in the appropriation for 1933. Always, however, the public has rallied with protests against decreasing the facilities of what many regard as one of the most useful bureaus in our government service. An increase rather than a decrease in the Bureau appropriation would be not only an appropriate memorial to Miss Lathrop and a suitable observance of the Bureau's twentieth anniversary, but also a sound social investment.

OWEN R. LOVEJOY.

New York City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brooks's Life of Emerson

The Life of Emerson, by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 315 pages. $3.

A WRITER who obtains his full purpose," said Dr. Johnson, "loses himself in his own lustre": of no American writer does this appear to be so true as of Emerson: he succeeded so well, at least superficially, in what he aimed at, that it is now almost impossible, in turning one's eyes back in his direction, to see Emerson himself: what one sees is so largely just the great "glad" glow of Emersonianism. What one sees is really President Eliot and the elective system at Harvard; or William James and the will to believe; or Elbert Hubbard and the "Message to Garcia"; or Theodore Roosevelt and the strenuous life; or Mrs. Eddy and the illusions of mortal mind; or even Herbert Hoover and rugged individualism. "Can we not learn," Emerson asked, "the lesson of self-help?" and seventy years of our history respond to the query with—"Only too well!" "Strong men," he said, "believe in cause and effect"; and we now know, to our cost, what "effects" may sometimes be the products of this praiseworthy faith. If the American middle class were to deify one man as its Orpheus, its Balder, its David, it could hardly do better by itself than to fix upon Ralph Waldo Emerson. He can hardly be said to have made America what it is; but, without the essays and addresses, without the Emersonian clichés, how much less spiritual authority the ruling culture would have had! Now that this culture is on the wane, it would look as if Emerson had had his day, and were about to be eclipsed once for all. If Emerson and Emersonianism were identical, this would be the fact; fortunately for him, there is a genuine difference between them.

Yet nothing could be more natural than that Emerson should have become, on his most apparent side, the spokesman of our dominant classes. Individualist critics and biographers have never made enough—*will* never make enough—of his close personal connection, along the whole line, with the men who have ruled the United States. He was no child of obscure pencil-makers, of half-literate Quaker farmers, of unpropertied carpenters or of strolling actors: his childhood, it is true, was spent in poverty, but by no means in penniless obscurity. He was the offspring of Bulkeleys and Emersons on one side, of men who were the upper crust of the Calvinist theocracy; on his mother's side, the Haskins side, he had for a grandfather one of the prosperous merchants of Boston. His father, William Emerson, was a clergyman and a gentleman in somewhat unequal proportions: chaplain of the Massachusetts Senate, a friend of President Kirkland of Harvard, a clubman and Federalist littérateur. One of Emerson's brothers studied law in the office of Daniel Webster. His first wife was the daughter of another Boston merchant; his second wife was a Jackson of Plymouth. He was a considerable property holder in Concord; and lived mainly, though not wholly, on the income from his first wife's estate ($22,000 at 6 percent, he told Carlyle). Finally, in his old age, as if to describe the perfect curve from the Puritan theocrats to the captains of industry, he became a close friend and lively admirer of the builder of the Michigan Central, the president of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, the squire of Naushon, John Murray Forbes. To Forbes's son, later president of the Bell Telephone Company, his daughter Edith was married; and Emerson thus

ippines under Taft, an ambassador to Japan under Hoover. From Peter Bulkeley to Cameron Forbes, the line of class privilege is virtually unbroken. What wonder if Emerson's is on one side a philosophy of power, a metaphysics of success, a religion of enterprise and self-help? What wonder if he believed that "Everything good lies on the highway"; or that "Life is a search after power"; or that "In a free and just commonwealth, property rushes from the idle and imbecile to the industrious, brave and persevering"? What wonder, in short, if Emersonianism should often seem to be the whole of Emerson?

Certainly the class to which he belonged has exploited him for all he was worth to it: from one point of view, it is not fantastic to father upon Emerson—who said, "The only progress ever made was of the individual"—such tangible realities of our political life as resistance to the "demoralizing" dole. But there is another point of view, and from this there *is* something fantastic in such an arraignment. For probably no one who knows Emerson himself will feel that Emersonianism exhausts him. Probably no one of the sort will fail to feel that the Emersonian tradition is mainly a vulgarization of Emerson; that Mrs. Eddy and Theodore Roosevelt and Elbert Hubbard are but Emerson made Bishop of Rome. To read the essays and the journals now, amid the stench sent up by a rotten individualism, is to feel, if only confusedly, that the mountebanks of self-help and self-expression are not entitled to the whole of Emerson. It is to feel that something quite strong and essential in him escapes from the limitations of class, and allies itself potentially with more creative forces.

Is it a paradox that the writer who most perfectly expressed the aspirations of the American middle class should also, more than almost any other, have anticipated its passing? A paradox, perhaps, but a vital one. It is exactly because Emerson was so authentic a spokesman of his class in its prime that his writing is potentially so destructive. From the beginning there has been a deep disequilibrium in middle-class culture, as there have been deep contradictions in its economy: just as the French Revolution was partly made by the Parisian artisans, and the American Revolution by the workers and farmers—to the advantage, in both cases, of rich traders—so Rousseau may be said to have paved the way for Marx as well as for Mill. The middle classes began by committing themselves to a philosophy of change, to a dynamic and essentially revolutionary program: their theoreticians went farther than the concrete objectives required, but the cat was out of the bag, and the impulse to dialectical thinking, once given, was not to be easily revoked. Hegel and Darwin, the philosophy of history and the evolutionary science of biology, were on the cards; and Emerson, in a flexible sense, was both Hegelian and Darwinian: in short, he was a philosopher of intelligible change.

Emersonianism, to a large extent, is a vulgar optimistic superstition, a cant of self-seeking concealed beneath a butter of altruism, a gospel for the aggressive, the unscrupulous, the interested. It is a philosophy for those who stand to profit by things as they are and seek to frustrate a fundamental change. But go back to Emerson himself, and what does one find? Moving richly through his whole utterance like an insuppressible bass, a sense of the exhilarating fluidity of human affairs, of the world itself; an irreverence toward the *status quo* and toward any possible *status quo;* a conviction that development is the secret of life, and movement the hallmark of reality. It is no accident that incited by Goethe and Lamarck and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lyell and the Jardin des Plantes, he was ready for evolution long before the "Origin of Species": the matrix of his whole thought is, in that sense, biological. It is no accident that he was a Hegelian with but little first-hand knowledge of Hegel: like Hegel, he was a true child of philosophic romanticism. "The fact of two poles, of two forces, centripetal and centrifugal," he says in "Politics," "is universal, and each force, by its own activity, develops the other." This is an informal dialectic, if you will; but it is a dialectic nevertheless; and "the principle of polarity," as Emerson himself called it, is not a principle of conservatism. If it is true that he took but a cool interest in the radicalisms of his day (save on the crucial question of slavery), it was almost because he was too radical for the radicals: his radicalism was, at any rate, too profound to be adequately expressed in vegetarianism or the Bloomer costume. It was too profound to be expressed in mere "rebellion" of any kind; and there it still is, accessible as always to those who wish not merely to "interpret the world variously" (in Marx's phrase) but to change it. "Everything," he said, "looks permanent until its secret is known"—*everything,* that is; literally everything, including the elective system at Harvard, the strenuous life of the Roosevelts, rugged individualism, and the middle-class culture which made this generalization possible.

It was thus a characteristic inspiration that led Van Wyck Brooks, after interpreting Mark Twain and Henry James, to the life of Emerson. After the man who stultified himself by accepting his class culture uncritically, and the man who crippled himself by trying to escape from it, the man who spoke for it so authentically as at once to crystallize and to transcend it. Having dealt with two kinds of relative failure, Mr. Brooks closes the dialectical circle by dealing with a case of relative success. ("To see the country of success [England] I, who delighted in success, departed.") It is true that Mr. Brooks's descriptions of both the failures and the success are somewhat too purely psychological; that the historical and sociological differences are more important than he makes them appear; that middle-class culture in the prime of Mark Twain and Henry James had become a very different thing from what it had been in Emerson's prime. Still, the fact remains that Emerson rode on the crest of a wave which was descending to its trough in Mark Twain's generation; and this makes not only possible but desirable a very different manner of treatment in this new biography.

Gone is the argumentation of "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" and "The Pilgrimage of Henry James": here is only narrative, only painstaking and infinitely delicate portraiture. Here is Emerson seen from within his own experience, seen with an understanding which will probably never be surpassed, seen as only an American writer with his roots in Emerson's soil could hope to see him. Not Emerson the philosopher mainly, but Emerson the man and the poet; the living figure, not the chapter in intellectual history. Something is missing, as a result; but something by no means so easy for other writers to do justice to, is here. This book is not an analysis of what our social and spiritual life was like in its best days, but a rendering of it; and the learning that lies behind the tale is lost in the imaginative skill with which the tale is told. "Ask the fact for the form," said Emerson; and that is what Van Wyck Brooks has done with Emersonian insight and art. Perhaps, in consequence, it is the only book on the subject which will survive the final collapse of Emersonianism.

NEWTON ARVIN.

The German Crisis

The Germans, by George N. Shuster. New York: The Dial Press. 326 pages. $3.

Is Germany Finished? by Pierre Viénot. New York: The Macmillan Company. 143 pages. $1.25.

THOROUGHNESS and humility are the outstanding characteristics of Mr. Shuster's approach to the study of modern Germany; superficiality and assurance, of M. Viénot's. Mr. Shuster discusses German politics, religion, finance and culture, but he comes to no coördinated conclusions; M. Viénot, in one-fifth the space, generalizes on some of the subjects considered by Mr. Shuster.

Unfortunately, "The Germans," by far the more important of the two books, lacks form and climax. The author begins with an "ABC of Germany" that contains rather too much of this kind of thing: "The German soul is very like a plot of low ground—an Egyptian field—in which shallow turgid pools have been formed." After some excursions into German history and geography, and a discussion of "Government and the Citizen," which includes irrelevant observations on sport, music and diet, come three important chapters in which he tells what the War did to the country's morale, money and frontiers. On the last of these subjects, Mr. Shuster is at his best. He emphasizes the importance of Austria and the Balkans to the German nation, and points out that the Polish Corridor and the Russian Revolution have deprived Germany of its historic function as the European gateway to Asia. His treatment of the German social experiment is less happy, as might be expected of one who holds that "If the citizens of a certain nation are obsessed with false ideas about the nature of economics, they cannot be expected to succeed in adjusting economic energy to their tasks. Or if the majority of citizens do not wish to think socially, it will not be easy to solve social problems collectively." As an editor of the Roman Catholic Commonweal, Mr. Shuster is perhaps bound by his conscience to believe that human activity is regulated by the will, which, in turn, is regulated by transcendental forces. Such a belief is peculiarly out of place in the Germany of 1932 and, indeed, would in all times and places attach more importance to moral values than to the collection and arrangement of data. All of which would not even be mentioned if Mr. Shuster came to us in the guise of Mahatma Gandhi.

Because Mr. Shuster is applying scientific methods with one hand and drawing priestly conclusions with the other, he fails to decide which are the vital and which the secondary problems of modern Germany. He gives equal consideration to all of the many German ills and comes to many intelligent conclusions. But he ends by pleading for "loyalty to the fountains," and his next to last paragraph contains a parable. It is the reader, not the author, who finally recognizes that the French hegemony of Europe and the consequent proletarianization of Germany's lower and middle classes now threaten the German nation and the capitalist system with revolution.

M. Viénot, who has lived in Germany for the past six years, instead of visiting it off and on and admiring it from near and far as Mr. Shuster has done, comes to precise yet abstract conclusions. From a molehill of evidence he erects a mountain of deduction. The first half of his book, which is a discussion of the crisis, contains most of his best observations. He takes as his text throughout these words written by a student, Alfred Seidel, who committed suicide: "The dethronement of absolute truths and the

LICENSED COPY OF CCH
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assertion and acceptance of *realities* whether they be called Life, Power, Sexual Instinct, Nation or Class: that is the mark of the end of a civilization." To outline an outline is almost impossible; therefore one can only say of M. Viénot's book that it discusses the collapse of middle-class civilization in Germany from the moral (*i. e.*, French) point of view. He urges his countrymen to understand Germany and to recognize that it is united only in its present fear of the crisis. He does not mention the tangible concessions that France would have to make if it were to act on the basis of the understanding which he provides.

QUINCY HOWE.

Hearts and Flowers

Magnolia Street, by Louis Golding. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THERE is a prevalent way of writing among Englishmen that is known as "gentle irony." The lower-middle and working classes come in for a good deal of this wry-tender treatment, so that of late we have masses of false Dickens at hand: Dickensian in that he also wrote of the manners and emotions of the common people; false in that the present generation of novelists displays a tone of condescending favor, a fashion of arranging quaint puppets, instead of Dickens' sincere sentiment or penetrating satire. Analyzing further, however, one sees that this condescension is the result of an attempt to be completely objective, with the paradoxical intention of getting inside the characters. This, I believe, is a poor method—it has the appearance of patronage.

Among authors of the gently ironic school is Louis Golding. In "Magnolia Street" he takes for his subject the lives of Jews and Gentiles who inhabit opposite sides of a street in a North Country town, presumably Manchester. The book has in abundance the verisimilitude which somehow comforts those who know the same conditions, and it has the color which any portrayal of the vigorous, fleshly Jewish people cannot lack. But its final appeal, that of the need to cross the pavement with messages of love, strikes one as a flabby solution of the racial problem. For that matter, the racial problem is not very important in England, where the synagogue and the Lion and Lamb public house are equally tolerated as fortresses of the spirit.

Through the year 1910, the personalities and fortunes of more than a hundred characters are pursued in the manner suggested above: scholars and shopkeepers, the hero—a Christian sailor—music-hall artists, brewers, printers, tram-conductors, shoemakers and many others. In 1916 all have been turned into soldiers. In 1930, two successful Americans who had left the street return to provide a love feast. Max Emmanuel, a portrait painter, quotes to Enid Cooper, a young teacher, the words of his visionary father:

> "It looks like the dawn of a brighter day, when all races and peoples will go hand in hand together along the road of universal love and the crowds on both sides of the road will throw flowers at them.
>
> "But [the painter goes on] it stumps me. . . . If all the races and peoples are walking hand in hand along the Great West Road, where are the crowds to come from who are going to throw all those flowers?"
>
> Then suddenly . . . they got up from their chairs, and thrust their hands into the great bowl of scarlet roses on the table before them. . . . "*We'll* throw the flowers: *We'll* throw the flowers!" Their cheeks flamed scarlet like the hurtling roses.

Does Louis Golding mean that the intelligentsia, including the artists, will be offside, solving in a great burst of emotion the problem of racial assimilation? Does he mean that? At any rate, significant or not, this selection gives, three-in-one, the flavor, the color and the message of "Magnolia Street."

HAZEL HAWTHORNE.

Sociology Steps Forward

Society: Its Structure and Changes, by R. M. MacIver. New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. 569 pages. $5.

A DISCLIPINE may be said to be immature and naïve when its votaries insist upon particularism, that is, when they detach themselves from relevant spheres of knowledge. Or, immaturity may be revealed at those stages in the development of a science or discipline when hypotheses are sacrificed for consequences. Sociology is, perhaps, passing from these stages of immaturity into a new period of growth. At any rate, sociologists are beginning to realize that although the term "social" may mean something specific, it also implies something extremely general. And the newer group of sociologists is beginning to manifest dissatisfaction with those vast accumulations of maps, graphs, charts and statistical enumerations which "prove" so much and leave truth so far behind.

It is a happy circumstance which brings Professor MacIver to the Sociology Department of our most important university at this particular time. He is not frightened by hypotheses, nor does he shy away from a generalization. He treads assuredly in the pathways of philosophy, political science and anthropology, and possesses, happily, a historical perspective. He writes about social relationships with the sort of care and rhythm which are ordinarily associated with imaginative literature. Consequently, he has written a grown-up book for grown-ups, the principal effect of which should be to speed sociology itself toward maturity.

Sociology, according to Professor MacIver, deals with the phenomena of social relationships, and the meaning of these relationships is to be found in the fact that they are psychically conditioned. Society is, then, a system of relationships expressing itself through communities, associations, institutions and mores. Social change—that is, the emergence of new patterns of arrangement among the varieties of relationship—is to be interpreted in terms of the situation and not by means of simplified behaviorism or determinism. The essence of social force lies in man's mental and attitude-forming processes, not as isolated traits, but as expressed in evolving situations. This generalized hypothesis is not new, as Professor MacIver intimates in his prefatory note, but his restatement of it is fresh, straightforward and clear. And, it leads him to the formulation of a brilliant chapter on "Social Causation" which, if not wholly new in content, bears all the earmarks of creativeness. A quotation at this point may serve to clarify a sector of Professor MacIver's social theory and illustrate his style of writing as well:

> Incompetent to deal with the subjectivity of experience, the behaviorists would discard it altogether. Seeking to get rid of subjective terms they get rid of the social fact, since it is fact only as created by and known to experience. They fail to perceive the essential difference, from the standpoint of causation, between a paper flying before the wind and a man

LICENSED TO JINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flying from a pursuing crowd. The paper knows no fear and the wind no hate, but without fear and hate the man would not fly nor the crowd pursue. If we try to reduce fear to its bodily concomitants we merely substitute the concomitants for the reality experienced as fear. We denude the world of meanings for the sake of a theory, itself a false meaning which deprives us of all the rest. We can interpret experience only on the level of experience. Otherwise we leave out either the whole phenomenon to be explained, as in the behavioristic philosophy, or the more intricate significance of the phenomenon in its experienced reality, as when in semi-behavioristic fashion we reduce, with Freud, the complications of the love-emotion to the hidden working of a simple organic appetite.

My enthusiasm for Professor MacIver's work has consumed most of my allotted space, but I must add, even at the risk of overstatement, a note of critical reservation. His social theory is rich in background and context, but seems lacking in dynamic qualities. Somewhere between the Scylla of naïve determination and the Charybdis of wishful vitalism lies a limited area of freedom, of preference, of choice. If this is true of the individual, it is also true for social groupings; and those who are attempting to furnish a social theory for our time, that is, a basis for positive action, must be more bold, it seems to me, in stating their hypotheses at this very point. If mentality is at the bottom of social change, then it appears to follow that education, or learning, is the clue to social progress. This does not mean, certainly, mere increase in knowledge or accumulation of facts. Is it not a clear implication that learning must somehow become situational if it is to become instrumental in initiating and energizing social change? Professor MacIver approaches this crucial question, but seems to me to do less than justice to those who have labored on behalf of a more dynamic social theory. He names this group the "integrationists" and, so far as labels are applicable, I must align myself with this school of thought. This is neither the time nor the place to elaborate the underlying foundations of the theory of social integration, but it should be noted that Professor MacIver's interpretation omits entirely its functional aspect; he appears to bracket integration and unity as though these were nouns of similar if not synonymous meaning. But integration as an explanation of dynamic social process should, perhaps, never be used as a noun at all. The process of integrating is not expected to achieve unity as a primary goal; its chief utility lies in releasing energies which are otherwise wasted or consumed in non-validifiable end-gaining.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

Book Notes

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

THE INGENIOUS DR. FRANKLIN: Selected Scientific Letters of Benjamin Franklin, edited by Nathan G. Goodman. *Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 244 pages. $3.*

The insatiable curiosity and ubiquitous interest of Benjamin Franklin, the first cosmopolitan American, is nowhere better displayed than in these selected letters which have been rescued from the obscurity of the collected works—letters on the various methods of learning how to swim, on the advantages of Pennsylvania fireplaces, on balloon ascensions and the theory of lightning rods. The peculiar square grace of the sentences, and the straightforward sensible content of the letters make them well worth giving to the general public, which knows of Franklin only what he said to his Revolutionary compatriots—that they must all hang together, or they would all hang separately.

Woodcut by Leopold Ruiz, twelve-year old student in the Open Air School of Painting, Mexico City.

The Seminar in Mexico
July 3-23

The Open Air Schools of Painting in Mexico bristle with an intense activity initiated by the zeal of the children. Bold design, color and form are the natural expression of the familiar, simple and direct life which will bridge the gap between the past and the present. The artistic renaissance of Mexico is a flower of the revolution which is incorporating all people into its new rational life.

The Seminar, through its annual sessions in Mexico, offers an unusual opportunity for reaching the vital and significant aspects of Mexican life. Mexican and American leaders participate in a program which is both comprehensive and intensive.

The program of the Seminar is made possible through the generosity of Mexican leaders — Moises Saenz, Diego Rivera, Rafael Ramirez and a score of others. Small groups meet for round table discussions; Frans Blom leading on Archaeology, Count Rene d'Harnoncourt on Arts and Crafts, Charles W. Hackett on History and International Relations, Elizabeth Wallace on The Literature of Mexico.

The first week of the Seminar will be spent in Cuernavaca, the second and third weeks in Mexico City. Field trips to Taxco, Puebla, Cholula, Oaxtepec and San Juan Teotihuacan reveal the vigorous beauty and cultural wealth of the country.

Recent steamship and railroad rate reductions make this year an opportune time to visit a country which is energetic and mobile.

Membership in the Seminar is extended to those who are interested in international relations and the education of public opinion in the United States.

The Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America

John Dewey, *Honorary Chairman;* Stuart Chase, *Chairman;* Walter Frank, *Treasurer;* Edward A. Ross, Florence E. Allen, Henry Goddard Leach, Frederic Siedenburg, *Vice-Chairmen.*

Hubert C. Herring, Executive Director

Room 1400 112 East 19 Street, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Placed by the pontiffs of Power on their

Index electricus expurgatorius

The

POWER FIGHT

by STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH

recently published in the New Republic Dollar Series

ERNEST GRUENING, writing in the *Saturday Review of Literature* said: "This will be, *par excellence,* the volume which the power propagandists will, in the manner recently brought to light by the Federal Trade Commission, seek to exclude from public libraries and general circulation. But despite the *index electricus expurgatorius,* elementary self-interest requires that every American read and tell his neighbor about 'The Power Fight.' It is the latest word . . . the most revealing book since the vertiginous descent into our economic Avernus . . . it makes clear the whole anti-social nature of the acquisitive exploitative, speculative forces in our present system. He has done a superb piece of research and compilation."

WHETHER significant or not, it is nevertheless true that no one of the New York City newspapers has so much as noticed the book's existence, though it has been out more than a month. This would not appear surprising, if it were a work of scant importance or a job poorly done. But it is neither of these. Five minutes spent with "The Power Fight" will convince anyone that it is a magnificent, a needed, a great book. 291 closely printed text pages.

At your bookstore $1.00 or from

NEW REPUBLIC, Inc., 421 W. 21st St., N. Y.

Library edition $2.10 mailed.

WAY OF THE LANCER, by Richard Boleslavsky, in collaboration with Helen Woodward. *Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 316 pages. $3.*

The co-author and hero of this book was an actor in Russia, the head of a laboratory theatre in New York, and is at present a director in Hollywood. With the help of a successful advertising woman, he has written of his adventures during the War in a fashion both exciting and unreal. Mr. Boleslavsky belonged to a company of Polish Lancers who had enlisted in the Russian army on the promise of a liberated Poland. The story begins with the abdication of the Tsar and continues through the revolution to the final collapse of the Russian army, when the Lancers, unsympathetic to the Bolsheviks, ranged as enemy aliens through the Russian forests, pillaging villages, rustling cattle and butchering those peasants who displayed any overt antagonism. A romantic glamor plays across the pages of the volume, bugles sound, banners snap in the breeze, men strike the heroic postures of Arthurian romance; while death, cruelty and desolation become mere theatrical props in the glorious panorama of war. The book ends with Mr. Boleslavsky making love to a beautiful madwoman, while Red Russians, endeavoring to capture him, lurk in the Hollywoodian darkness beneath the windows.

The Social Sciences

THE FAMILY, by F. Müller-Lyer. *Translated by F. W. Stella Browne. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 406 pages. $5.*

This volume forms part of a sociological series projected by the author, of which two others, "The History of Social Development" and "The Evolution of Modern Marriage," have already appeared in English. Herr Müller-Lyer possesses rare powers of analysis and synthesis, as well as of clear and terse statement; his economy of words is admirable. But perhaps the chief distinction of this fine book lies in its method: the family (and its evolution) are treated, not in isolation, but in connection with other phases of social life, particularly economics and politics. The translation is excellent.

FRENCH POLITICAL THOUGHT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by Roger Soltau. *New Haven: Yale University Press. 494 pages. $5.*

Professor Soltau points out that French political ideas have been dominated by the Revolution. As a consequence of the series of wars and revolutions in nineteenth-century France, the political thought of the nation has been too rigorously confined to studying the form of the State. The one outstanding thinker of the nineteenth century in France to advance a new philosophy of society as a whole was Proudhon. The majority of the others have been interested primarily in advancing or combating the principle of Authoritarianism. Judged by its history, France has believed that freedom could be achieved by dictatorial means; as a result, there have been few real liberals—with the exception of one or two little-remembered writers such as Peguy—but only reactionaries on the one hand and radicals on the other.

French political philosophy has been marked, at the same time, by a narrow nationalism, for which Professor Soltau also blames the Revolution. "Very few French political thinkers can break away from the mesmerizing force" of intense nationalism, and conceive of France as forming part of a larger whole. The author can see nothing for France "but a steady sinking into political second-rateness" unless it adopts new political aims—until it learns that state sovereignty cannot sacrifice individualism or international coöperation, and that liberty can be attained only by self-imposed discipline. This carefully written, thoroughly documented study is an extremely valuable contribution to our knowledge not only of French history, but of political theory as a whole.

Verse

MEAD AND MANGELWURZEL, by Grace Stone Coates. *Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. $2.*

Olympic wine and earthly fodder supply this first book of verse by Mrs. Coates with a provocative title. They symbolize love, the heady drink love's beginning, the untempting root its honeyless end. The irony implied in this is a quality often found in the poems through the author's analyses of the duel of sex, es-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pecially of woman's part in it. This and the soul's loneliness, in personal and objective aspects, are the book's persistent themes. The traditional forms of her verse Mrs. Coates occasionally makes supple, once at least rising to a rare felicity. Though without the immediacy of richer poetry, this initial performance should enlist attention.

CHRISTIANITY, by Dr. Peter Fireman. *New York: Printed by the author. 97 pages. $1.50.*

In reading Dr. Fireman's book it must be remembered that he makes no pretense of being a poet—that he is merely presenting a case against Christianity and Judaism. He remarks upon the fallacies of Christ worship and carries forward a whole-hearted assault on the cruelty displayed by the ancient god of the Hebrews. Naturally enough, his argument is burdened with the effort to reinterpret the entire Bible in less than a hundred pages. He recommends the cultivation of certain virtues: Temperance, Courage, Justice—all capitalized and offered with apologies to Plato. It is unfortunate that he has chosen verse as a medium for his aphorisms. His attempts to reproduce the epigrammatic vigor of Pope are seldom successful, for he is troubled by the use of rhyme and his meaning is often obscured by the inversion of verbs and nouns, pronouns and adjectives.

Fiction

JONATHAN DREW, by Christopher Ward. *New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.*

This picaresque novel of 1820 covers much of the America of that time, geographically, and a narrow section as far as the social landscape is concerned. Mr. Ward's hero robs stages in Massachusetts, has an affair with a merchant's wife in New York, hunts bear in Missouri and rescues stolen slaves in Kentucky. The details and the descriptions of customs seem authentic, but there is a faintly artificial note in the accounts of Jonathan Drew's exploits; they seem less a direct result of the situation than a retelling in American terms of the adventures of Tom Jones. There is humor in the novel, but except for individual passages, such as the battle between the crews of two flatboats for the capture of a fiddler, it is mainly historical reproduction of the types of frontier humor.

Contributors

H. N. Brailsford, the well known British journalist, who contributes frequently to magazines both here and abroad, is the author of a number of books on literature and social science, the most recent being "Rebel India," which was published in The New Republic Dollar Series.

Ernest Jerome Hopkins, former San Francisco newspaperman, covered the bomb explosion and the Mooney-Billings case in 1916 for Fremont Older's newspaper, The Bulletin. His book on the famous affair has been announced for early publication. He is a former Wickersham Commission investigator, and author of "Our Lawless Police."

Joseph K. Hart, professor of Education at Vanderbilt University, is the author of a number of books, the most recent being "Creative Moments in Education."

Newton Arvin, an assistant professor of English at Smith College, is the author of a biography of Hawthorne which was published two years ago.

Quincy Howe, who was one of the party of writers visiting Bell County, Kentucky, is the editor of The Living Age.

Hazel Hawthorne, a contributor to "The Fourth American Caravan," is at present working on a novel of life in a New England village.

E. C. Lindeman is professor of social philosophy at the New York School of Social Work, lecturer at the New School for Social Research and author of a number of volumes, among them being "Social Discovery" and "The Meaning of Adult Education."

A PLANNED SOCIETY

"Magnificent Muscles . . . Only a Trace of Gray Matter"

by GEORGE SOULE

"We have magnificent muscles in our great industrial plants, efficient arteries in our railroads and highways, sensitive nerves in our lines of communication. But we have only a trace of gray matter in our economic cranium."

"Our effort is tremendous, but in terms of happier and fuller living, the faster we go, the more we remain in the same place."

Under the title "Chaos and Control," selections from five chapters of "A Planned Society" have appeared in The New Republic this Spring. Here is the complete statement of which the articles were a foretaste: four times as long as the articles and including much new matter. The book assesses the current unrest and traces its sources to our chaotic social order. It shows how a new type of order may be achieved. Mr. Soule is an editor of The New Republic and the author of "The Useful Art of Economics."

At All Bookstores *$2.50* MACMILLAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE GUILD presents

Too True to be Good

A New Play by BERNARD SHAW

GUILD Theatre, 52nd St., West of B'way

Evenings, 8:30. Matinees Thursdays, Saturdays, 2:30

THE THEATRE GUILD presents

REUNION IN VIENNA

A Comedy by Robert E. Sherwood

MARTIN BECK Theatre, 45th St. & 8th Ave. PE—6-6100

Evenings, 8:40. Matinees Thursdays, Saturday, 2:40

CAMPS FOR RENT

IN THE ADIRONDACK WOODS CLOSE BY A TWO MILE LAKE

20 small furnished camps, scattered over an extensive private estate surrounded by State lands, are offered for rent to those who enjoy vacationing where Nature's beauties remain unspoiled. Cooking facilities at all camps, but meals may be had at camp headquarters when desired. Tennis, boating, canoeing and swimming. Five miles from State highway, and accessible only by well kept county road. Rentals moderate. For details, write owner,

FRANK C. HOOPER

Big Shanty Camps North River, N. Y.

FOR RENT

Berkeley, California. Unusually beautiful, furnished, Tudor-Georgian country place—overlooking San Francisco Bay and wild sweep of Contra Costa Hills—15 minutes from University of California—1 hour from San Francisco—6 bedrooms—4 baths—2 large panelled living-rooms—large study—3 garages—maid's room and bath—8 acres—superb gardens in setting of native shrubs and flowering fruits—ideal for discriminating, creative personality with family—$200 a month—May through August—or until August 1933. Address: High Acres and Woodmont, Berkeley, California.

19 Barrow Street; an apartment with an old-world air, with the conveniences of the new. Living-room with balcony, bedroom, kitchen, tiled bath, 2 wood-burning fireplaces, mechanical refrigeration, private entrance on interior court, beautifully furnished. Steinway grand piano. $110. Responsible people only. Available June 1st or sooner. Telephone CHelsea 2-3860 after 7 P. M., or BOwling Green 9-3960 during day.

To Sublet Furnished or Unfurnished—attractive apartment on Gramercy Park—large living-room with studio window, two bedrooms, bath and kitchenette. Elevator. June to October, with option to renew lease. Rent reasonable. Telephone: GRamercy 5-3183.

Westchester: Six-room furnished apartment, three bedrooms, garage, two-family house, near outdoor pool, beaches. Five minute walk R. R., 30 minutes Grand Central. June to September. Adults, $400. Address: Box 676, The New Republic.

Furnished Apartment to Sublet

Airy, bright, west side apartment opposite Central Park. Eight rooms, comfortably furnished. Grand piano. Roof garden for children. Sacrifice on rent. Immediate occupancy. Address: Box 677, The New Republic.

853 Seventh Avenue at 55th Street, Eight attractive rooms furnished. Sublet July 1st to October 1st. R. R. La Monte, CIrcle 7-3680.

FOR RENT—ENGLAND

Conrad Aiken desires tenant for his picturesque seventeenth century house in old-world town of Rye, Sussex. Five bedrooms, three living-rooms, large studio, useful library 2,000 volumes, piano, small garden, and usual conveniences. One mile from sea, near famous golf course and tennis courts. Would let from August first for six months at $70 per month, or for year at $60 per month. Full particulars sent on request. Address Conrad Aiken, Jeake's House, Rye, Sussex.

FOR SALE

Killingworth, Conn. Attractive colonial; 7 rooms, 3 fireplaces; 18 acres; small stream; in picturesque wooded region; $2,200. Ralph C. Hill, agent: 385 Central Park West, New York City. ACademy 2-5046.

POSITIONS WANTED

Harvard law student would like summer job as tutor companion. Although not an expert, is competent to instruct in swimming and tennis. Has sailed a catboat. Address: Box 675, The New Republic.

College Graduate, with clinical and public school experience in speech correction of all types—stammering, lisping, etc., desires contact, individual or organization, for purpose of organizing summer group. Address: Box 678, The New Republic.

MAGAZINE

La Follette's

Great National Weekly Newspaper

THE PROGRESSIVE

Subscription Price $1.50 Per Year

In every issue it is fighting your battles against monopoly and organized wealth in government.

SPECIAL OFFER
3 Months
13 ISSUES 20c

STARTLING facts suppressed by other papers will be revealed in the next few issues. Send 20 cents today and be sure to receive the next extraordinarily interesting issues of La Follette's great weekly newspaper.

The Progressive, Dept. B., Madison, Wis.

TESTIMONIALS

A Literary Adviser Writes:

"Enclosed please find my check which will cover the cost of three more insertions of my advertisement. I want the advertisement inserted until further notice, as I have had excellent results from The New Republic already." L. M. H.

An Advertiser, Offering Bungalows in the Adirondacks, Writes:

"Please advise the cost of one and four insertions of the enclosed advertisement on summer cottages for rent. I had a similar advertisement in The New Republic last April which brought contacts with the type of people I desire to have in my small colony." F. C. H.

An Advertiser, Selling Stone Houses in New Jersey, Writes:

"For the very small investment of $15.83 [the cost of three classified advertisements in our columns], I have sold two of my houses to New Republic readers." L. B.

BOOK BARGAINS

We have in stock one or more copies of the books listed below, unused and showing almost no shelf wear.

	Our Price
THE STAMMERING CENTURY, by Gilbert Seldes. Day. List $5.00	$2.50
TRAIL LIFE IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES, by B. W. Mitchell. Macmillan. List $3.00..	1.50
WHITHER CHINA? by Scott Nearing. International. List $1.75	.90
ESSAYS IN POETRY, by J. C. Squire. Doran. List $2.00.....	1.00
THE NATURE OF WORLD AND OF MAN, ed. by H. H. Newman. Univ. of Chicago. List $5.00.....	2.50
ZOLA AND HIS TIME, by Matthew Josephson. Macaulay. List $5.00	2.50
FUNDAMENTALS OF CHILD STUDY, by Edwin A. Kirkpatrick. Macmillan. List $1.90..	.95
AN INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN POLITICS, by Penfield Roberts. Harcourt. List $2.25...	1.00
MUSIC AND MUSIC MAKERS, by Constance Morse. Harcourt. List $3.00	1.50
TALLEYRAND, by Anna Bowman Dodd. Putnam. List $5.00..	2.00
NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE, by Walter Geer. Brentano's. List $5.00	2.00
LIGHT FROM THE ANCIENT EAST, by Adolf Dreissmann. Doran. List $10.00	5.00
DOSTOEVSKY: LETTERS AND REMINISCENCES, tr. by S. S. Koteliansky and J. Middleton Murry. Knopf. List $2.50.....	1.25
CRITICAL VENTURES IN MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE, by Arnold Whitridge. Scribner. List $1.75	.80

Postage Free

NEW REPUBLIC BOOKSTORE
419 W. 21st St., New York City

VACATION Problems

New Republic readers will soon be planning summer vacations. They'll want to know about—

RESORTS, HOTELS
CAMPS FOR CHILDREN
CABINS, BUNGALOWS

They will look first to the advertising columns of The New Republic for suggestions.

Advertise your place at our attractively moderate resort rate: One inch, one insertion, $4.00 (60 words); one inch, three insertions, $3.50 an insertion; one inch, six insertions, $3.00 an insertion. Minimum space half inch. Larger space proportionately more.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
421 West 21st St. New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED